

Harry Howard
from
Henry Eby



1861.

"CARE FOR HIM WHO BORE THE
HEAT AND BURDEN OF THE BATTLE."
A. LINCOLN.



Columbia: "Unless you, my son, save me, I will be ruined. Go and do your duty, and if you save me I will be your generous friend and protector as long as you live."

Observations of an Illinois
Boy in Battle, Camp and
Prisons — 1861 to 1865

By Henry H. Eby
MENDOTA, ILL.



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DEDICATED TO MY COMRADES OF THE CIVIL WAR,
ESPECIALLY THOSE OF COMPANY C, SEVENTH ILLI-
NOIS CAVALRY, OF WHICH I WAS A MEMBER

PREFACE.

The story contained in this book is a true one. It was taken from letters, memoranda and memory. The author has in his possession twenty-nine letters written by him while in the army, from 1861 to 1865, and sent to his relatives, who returned them to him at the close of the war.

The memoranda were written soon after his return from the army. The accounts taken from memory are reasonably correct, as the scenes through which he passed, though here poorly portrayed, are of a character not easily forgotten. They are indelibly stamped upon the memory, and it seems, as time rolls on, that it renders the recollection of them even more vivid and distinct. After revising this story a number of times it is presented to the reader in its present form.

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Then.



Now.



CHAPTER I.

Beginning of the Great Rebellion in the United States of America, April 12, 1861.

The "Star of the West," a United States boat, was fired upon by the rebel batteries in Charleston harbor on Jan. 9, 1861, which some people claim as the beginning of the War of the Rebellion; but the firing on Fort Sumter was the time when the war was really inaugurated.

Fort Sumter, a United States fort located at the entrance to Charleston harbor, was fired upon by the Confederates, April 12, 1861, and Major Anderson, who was in command of the fort, was obliged to surrender to them.

This caused great excitement throughout the United States. Soon after a call was issued by President Lincoln for 75,000 three months' troops, which was responded to in a very short time. Patriotism ran high, and it seemed to most of us that the government should be defended at all hazards. The fife and drum were soon heard on the streets of Mendota, Ill., and throughout the loyal States. Quite a number of young men, including myself, from Mendota and vicinity, at once signed our names to the

roll of enlistment. I was now 19 years of age, and considered it my duty to help defend the flag.

By the latter part of April a company of about 100 was organized in Mendota, with Capt. Rust as commander. We were drilled here for a few days before leaving for Springfield. We were all rather green in regard to military affairs and it was laughable to see the performance. There was about as much awkwardness shown as there would be in breaking a pair of young oxen. In a few days we started for Springfield, Ill. On the day of our departure, which was April 19, 1861, the excitement in Mendota was beyond description. It was probably as intense as when McClellan's army left Washington for the capture of Richmond. People came flocking into town from all the surrounding country and villages, with flags flying, to see the soldiers start off for the war. The streets were crowded with people who came to bid us the last good bye. Flags were unfurled and speeches made in honor of our departure.

About 11 o'clock all who had enlisted were formed in two ranks in front of the Illinois Central freight house, facing toward it, when a Miss Davis, who stood upon a raised platform at the northwest corner of the building, delivered an appropriate address, presenting us with an elegant flag in behalf of the citizens of Mendota. This was responded to in a happy manner in behalf of the com-

pany by L. B. Crooker, a chubby farmer boy about 20 years of age, who had drifted to Mendota for the purpose of studying law, and who had also enlisted.

He afterwards served his country with honor during the greater part of the war, receiving several severe



Presentation of the Flag at the Freight House.

wounds while serving as a commissioned officer. At the expiration of his term of service he returned home and studied law, which profession he followed for a number of years, serving also in various offices.

About 12 o'clock we marched to the depot, and an immense crowd of people gathered around us, bade us good-

bye, and we boarded the train and were soon on our way to Springfield, where we arrived the following morning and met a number of companies from different parts of the State. A few days after our arrival we were organized into a regiment, which required ten companies. The Mendota company was made Co. B, and the regiment the 12th Illinois Infantry, with Col. McArthur in command, who was subsequently commissioned Major General.

The Mendota company contained more than the required number of men. Among the surplus bone and sinew who found no place in the home company were L. B. Crooker, James W. Larabee, William Eckert, George C. Loomis, S. P. Whitmore and myself, who all determined to stick together and stay in service. We immediately began looking about for an opening large enough to hold these six husky farmer boys, and it was at last accomplished by entering Co. H of the same regiment. This was from Tiskilwa, and was commanded by Capt. Swain, who subsequently lost his life at Shiloh. We remained together in the same mess until discharged at the end of three months.

It was now imagined that we were going south to crush the Rebellion at once, but, alas, we failed to realize what was before us. Little did we think that it would require four long years to end the great Rebellion. We remained here several weeks, passing the time in drilling

and running about town. On May 25 we were transferred to Caseyville, Ill., about ten miles east of St. Louis, where we remained a month or more. While here we received a good many instructions in military tactics, and soon considered ourselves equal to Napoleon or any other great general.



The Kicking Musket.

The guns we received were of the old kicking variety, and could kick equal to a mule. I can well remember having a very lame shoulder from the effects of discharging one of these firearms. It reminded me of a story I heard when I was a boy, about an Irish soldier in an

Illinois regiment during the Mexican War. One day during a small engagement the soldier fired at the enemy with one of those kicking guns, which knocked him over backward flat on the ground. His captain, thinking that he was shot, said, "Mike, are you wounded?" He replied, "Captain, it seems as though I had the wrong end against my shoulder."

The latter part of June the 12th was transferred to Cairo, Ill. We marched across the country from Caseyville to East St. Louis, then got on board a steamer and went down the Mississippi, arriving at our destination on the following day. The only excitement occurring on the way down the river was caused by a man on the Missouri shore waving a rebel flag at us while passing. We went into camp at Cairo on the river bottom behind the levee, our camp being about ten or fifteen feet below high water mark in the river. The levee was constructed for the purpose of keeping high water in the river from overflowing the city. This camp proved to be worse than any experienced during all our subsequent three years' service. While here we received a visit from Gen. McClellan, who addressed us.

We remained here during the balance of the three months' term, and nearly all of us were sick, caused by the malaria of the river bottoms and other causes. After the expiration of the three months' term of service I en-

listed for three years, in Co. C, 7th Illinois Cavalry. L. B. Crooker, James W. Larabee, and S. P. Whitmore enlisted in Co. I, 55th Illinois Infantry, William Eckert remained at home, and George C. Loomis remained in Co. H of the 12th, became a sergeant, and was twice wounded, losing his right arm at Alatona. L. B. Crooker received promotion as a solace for four wounds, and Larabee was twice wounded, receiving the grade of sergeant, and brought home a glorious decoration in the form of a Congressional medal for gallantry, a proper reward for his splendid soldiership.

CHAPTER II.

Beginning of Three Years' Service.—Camp Butler and Bird's Point.

The three months' service ended in August, 1861, and I enlisted for three years in Sept., 1861. Was discharged Oct. 15, 1864, serving in all three years and about four months. The 7th was organized at Camp Butler, near Springfield, Ill., in the fall of 1861, where it was partly drilled. Prescott Bartlett, of Sublette, Ill., was chosen captain of Co. C, John H. Shaw of Lee Center, Ill., first lieutenant, and B. F. Berkley, of Sublette, Ill., second lieutenant. S. H. Richardson was orderly sergeant, and James Henderson commissary sergeant. The names of other sergeants were R. D. McCord and David S. Porter, and the corporals I have forgotten. In November the regiment was transferred to Bird's Point, Mo., where it went into winter quarters and remained until about March 1, 1862.

The picture represents a camp in the idle days between the great campaigns. The army has settled down to weeks of forced inaction, and the men make themselves as comfortable as the means at hand will allow. They



"Home sweet home."—A Scene in Winter Quarters.

have shown wonderful thrift and industry in housing themselves. The tent in the foreground shows this. Its builders have made a pen of logs neatly chinked with chunks and clay to keep out the wind. They have built a fireplace of clay and used an old plow on top of the chimney to assist the draft. The roof is made of pieces of shelter tents and ponchos and at the entrance has been laid a pavement of pork-barrel staves to keep mud from being carried into the sleeping apartment. The other tents in the distance show similar devices. The whole is as accurate a picture of a winter camp as the camera could make.

The veteran in the foreground is a man whose love of music is so strong as to be irrepressible. He has constructed a fiddle out of a cigar box and such other material as he could lay his hands on. It shows as much ingenuity as his tent. Probably the tail of the Colonel's horse has suffered to furnish hair for the bow. The music made is far from that which could be drawn from a high-priced instrument, but he and his boy listener enjoy it a hundredfold more than the most cultivated listener ever did high-priced strains. And he plays the tune that always went most directly to the soldier's heart, "Home, Sweet Home."

While at Bird's Point the 7th performed the ordinary camp and picket duties, occasionally going out on a scout-

ing expedition, making a visit to the vicinity of the enemy. Every morning about daybreak four men from the cavalry were sent out on the road leading from the camp outside of the picket line for the purpose of preventing a surprise by the enemy. One morning, some time after they had gone out as usual, the four horses returned to camp riderless and with blood-stained saddles. A force of the boys was immediately sent out to investigate. After they had passed some distance beyond the picket lines, the bodies of the four men were found lying in the road dead, and almost riddled with buckshot, supposed to have been fired from shotguns. It was evidently the work of bushwhackers, as there was a large log lying within a few feet of the road and parallel with it, and behind this in the soft ground were seen tracks made by a number of men, and the conclusion was reached that these bushwhackers had concealed themselves behind the log and awaited the approach of the four men until they were very near. They then fired upon them, probably killing them instantly.

Gen. Oglesby was in command of the camps on Bird's Point, during the winter of 1861-1862. I remember him well, as I was an orderly at his headquarters a number of times while on the Point. Gen. Oglesby appeared to me as being an officer who fairly well understood his business, and attended to it.

In some respects he appeared like Gen. Grant, modest, kind, and thoroughly loyal to his country. Gen. Oglesby was not of the aristocratic class, but appeared neatly dressed, and was an officer who used good common sense in commanding his troops.

Soon after our arrival here we began the construction of barracks for winter quarters, which were built of logs in log house fashion. Co. C's building was a long, one-story structure, with bunks for beds, which contained straw and made very comfortable sleeping places.

About Christmas time nearly all were supplied with good things from home. I can never forget the luxuries we received. They were just delicious. I received a box containing a roast turkey, a number of pies, cakes, and other things too numerous to mention. We had just moved into our new barracks, and stored away our delicacies for safe keeping until wanted. Late one afternoon, when nearly all of us had gone to water our horses, one who remained in camp lit a candle and placed it under the bunk to aid him in searching for something he had lost. The lighted candle immediately set fire to the straw in the bunk and in a few minutes the whole building was in a blaze. When we returned our good things had nearly all been destroyed by the fire. Scarcely any-

thing was saved, and thus our anticipations of grand feasts and dinners were dashed away. We were obliged to be content with hard-tack, bean soup, and bacon.

The event of the day was falling in for soup, prepared by the cook on detail for the day, in his open-air studio. It was an article that would not pass muster at a fashionable restaurant, but it was hot, there was usually plenty of it, the beans were abundant and as good as Michigan or New England soil could produce, the pork was the finest product of the Illinois pork raisers, and if the cook had been mindful of his duty, had cooked the soup long enough, and stirred it diligently to prevent its burning, it was very appetizing, went right to the spot, and built fine locomotive apparatus for the future marching and battling. If on the other hand he had been careless and lazy, there was likely to be a summary court-martial, and he was lucky if he escaped with nothing worse than being tossed in a blanket. When one looks on the steaming pot, the words of the old refrain rise at once to mind.

“ Beans for breakfast,
Beans for dinner,
Beans for supper,
Beans, beans, beans.”



"Fall in for soup."—A Scene in a Winter Camp.

Our blankets and shelter being also gone, we were poorly prepared for winter. But ere long we were furnished with tents and new blankets, and were comfortable again.

George Westgate, George McKeen, William Orris and myself occupied a tent together. It was a small one, and after lying down to sleep we occupied all the floor space except about two feet of its length at our feet. This was occupied by a small sheet iron stove, cooking utensils, and a water pail. One evening after retiring Westgate began tickling my face with a straw. He thought it a good time to have a little fun at my expense, as I had been out on picket duty the night previous and was very tired and sleepy. Having fallen asleep Westgate began teasing, which of course awakened me. I insisted that he should stop bothering me which he did until after I fell asleep again, and then resumed his work of tormenting me. Finally I told him that I would put him out of the tent if he did not stop, and becoming impatient I jumped up and the scuffle commenced. After a few tumbles about the tent, Westgate struck one foot among the cooking utensils and finally stepped into the water bucket, which was full of water, causing it to splash about the tent and into the faces of Orris and McKeen, which roused their tempers and they yelled, "Eby,

put him out!" At this juncture of the performance Westgate was willing to capitulate. He was in trouble, his foot being forced into the bucket in such a position that it was a difficult matter to extricate it. I had failed to put him out of the tent, but his unfortunate position put an end to the scuffle. Our attention was now turned to helping him out of his difficulty. The feet being of the largest kind used for plowing corn in Illinois, and the utensil being only the regular size, pretty near a surgical operation was necessary. The following morning, the boys on hearing of our affair of the previous night, declared that they did not believe impossibilities, as Westgate could never have crammed a foot the size of his into a common water bucket.

A few days later quite a number of troops composed of cavalry were sent out on a scouting expedition, down the Mississippi on the Missouri side to a small town named Belmont (the scene of Gen. Grant's first battle), where a Confederate battery was supposed to be located. This was about twenty miles from our camp, and we made the journey mostly during the night. We found nothing of importance on our trip except when we struck the river, near Belmont, where we discovered a Confederate gunboat in very close proximity, but the land battery was a hoax. It being

in the nighttime, we were unable to see the boat distinctly, but could see enough of it to satisfy us that it was a dangerous concern. We kept quiet, and left that neighborhood as soon as possible, going in the direction of camp. On the way we came in contact with an enemy in the form of a small flock of geese not far from a farmhouse. One of the men who was in advance of us a short distance caught sight of them first. They hissed at him, and he called out: "Boys, I have found a squad of rebels, and they hissed at me. They should be made prisoners and taken along to camp." We immediately went to our comrade's assistance and the capture was soon made. Of course, according to the rules of war, we were obliged to put them under guard and take them to camp. The reader may guess what became of the geese. This being the day before Christmas, these captures were appropriate, and after the manner of Yankee soldiers were duly assimilated.

On the way to camp, the night being intensely dark, the proper trail was missed and we became entangled in dense thickets. Hats were lost, clothes were torn, faces were scratched and disfigured. The reader can imagine the amount of patience required of us to keep a smiling face on this occasion. As we rode through the thickets we endeavored to keep in line or march in

military order, that is by twos, and follow the file leaders. The man who did not receive a severe whack in his face, by a branch of a tree bent forward by his file leader until it received a very high tension, then came back with tremendous force against him, perhaps almost dismounting him, was considered out of place. Some of the language fired off into the night air would not be considered appropriate at a Sunday-school picnic. The man who emerged from this affair with a smiling countenance was looked upon as being a saint. We arrived in camp at Bird's Point about noon the following day, looking like a lot of Indian warriors with their war paint on their faces, being scratched and battered by riding through the thickets.

In January, 1862, an army was organized here for the purpose of making a reconnaissance into western Kentucky. It was in command of Gen. U. S. Grant, and Co. C, 7th Illinois Cavalry, was detailed as his escort on this expedition. The troops consisted of quite a large force of infantry and artillery from Bird's Point and other places. We were out six or eight days, but did not encounter the enemy in large force. The weather a part of the time was very unfavorable, and we rode for two days while the rain was pouring down. I was on outpost picket during the night

following the first rainy day. The rain continued nearly all night, and the sergeant in command of the relief failed to find my post on account of the dense darkness. Therefore I was not relieved until morning, having stood in the rain with my horse all night, keeping a good lookout for the enemy. When arriving in camp, after daylight, the rain was still falling in torrents. I was thoroughly wet, sleepy and tired, and the boys accused me of being cross, which I dared not deny. Having just lain down to take a little nap when the bugle sounded for boots and saddles, I jumped up, feeling as the boys had accused me. All this time the rain continued. The order soon came to move forward. We mounted and started on the way back toward Bird's Point, riding nearly all day in a pouring rain.

Late in the afternoon the wind commenced blowing cold from the northwest, and it began to freeze and snow a little. Just before dark we were given orders to halt and go into camp in the woods, by the roadside, which was obeyed. We cared for our horses as best we could and proceeded to build fires. Co. C started a fire under a large log, which soon blazed up sufficiently for us to warm ourselves. We had some hardtack and bacon, which we proceeded to devour. After supper I fixed up a sort of a bed

near the log, by placing considerable rubbish on the ground, in order to keep out of the mud, and covering this with brush and leaves. I then pulled off my fine cavalry boots and set them up near the fire, in order that they might dry out, and then retired. When I arose in the morning and took hold of my boots I found them brittle in some parts, having been scorched by the fire during the night. When putting them on they broke, so that they were ruined.

After breakfast we again moved on toward Bird's Point. During the day, when riding along the road, two of our soldiers belonging to an infantry regiment were discovered a few rods away who had just killed and dressed a hog, and had it hung up to a tree. (As I previously stated our Co. C was escort for Gen. Grant on this expedition.) Of course the General also discovered the men and dressed hog, and immediately gave the command to halt, which was promptly obeyed. The General rode out of ranks and called to the men who had the hog. They walked up near him and he proceeded to lecture them, as I well remember, being within twenty-five or thirty feet and overhearing the whole conversation. The first question the General asked was, "Where did you procure that hog?" The answer was, "Foraged it." The General then spoke as follows: "Men, do

you not know that kind of work is strictly against orders?" He talked to them as a father would to his sons. He then said, "Sergeant, take charge of these men under guard, and report them to headquarters." The order was then given, "Forward," and we rode toward Bird's Point. I could not help thinking about that delicious looking fresh pork, but it was a consolation to know that the boys who came after us would not let it go to waste. I never learned what became of the two soldiers nor the hog. I was too bashful to tell the General about my craving appetite for some of it.

This was our first experience under the immediate command of the great General Grant, and belonging to the escort I was in close contact with him a number of days, and had an opportunity of studying his character. Of course he was then comparatively obscure, but had reputation enough in this part of the army to arouse curiosity. The impressions of an immature youth, if not valuable, may be characteristic of the time and place.

Gen. Grant had not the imposing stature that we in our then romantic notions regarded as heroic. He was quiet, kindly and considerate under all circumstances. He indulged in no parade and wore no fine feathers, as the picture books had caused us to ex-

pect. His alertness to see, and his fairness to correct all breaches of discipline, were displayed in the incident above alluded to, while his gentle but firm way of applying the remedy was impressive.

These characteristics are now a matter of history, but were then only known to those in his immediate presence. While Gen. Grant, in this our first experience in his presence, at first disappointed us in lack of fuss and feathers, he impressed us with confidence that he knew his business and attended to it, and we began to think that the high stepping generals so implanted in our youthful minds were not so much needed as practical ones of another mold.

I think we arrived in camp at Bird's Point the following day, remaining there during about all the month of February, doing the ordinary camp, picket and scouting duties.

CHAPTER III.

New Madrid, Point Pleasant and Island No. 10.

About March 1 the movement began down the Mississippi on the Missouri side of the river to New Madrid, and later to Point Pleasant, where the 7th went into camp, remaining there about three or four weeks, doing ordinary camp and picket duties. The camp was located in the woods, which contained some very large trees. One night a terrible tornado passed through our camp, uprooting trees and blowing down nearly all the tents. The trees crashed down among the men and horses, killing two men and a number of horses belonging to our regiment. Each company had one row of tents, and when the storm came on nearly all were asleep. A large tree nearly four feet in diameter came down with a crash, parallel and within a few feet of our row of tents, but leaving Co. C uninjured. We congratulated ourselves on our narrow escape. When our tent went down we jumped up and tried to get out from under it as quickly as possible. I scrambled out through a stovepipe hole in the upper part of the tent. I had some difficulty in passing

through this small opening and the boys were obliged to come to my assistance. They extricated me, and then began laughing at me, about jumping through the chimney.

The camp was located a short distance back from the river out of reach of the Confederate batteries on the opposite side. They occupied several small forts on the east side of the river, and whenever we attempted to get water from it, or water our horses, they would open fire on us with their siege guns. On one of these occasions I saw an oak tree about fifteen inches in diameter which was cut nearly off by a shot from the large gun. Thereupon we abandoned the river, and procured water from a frog pond near the camp. We did not hesitate to use water from the pond because it was nicely covered over with a green scum.

Gen. Pope was in command of the land forces in this vicinity, and by this time had concentrated quite an army. One night during the stay at this place, one of the United States ironclads named Carondelet ran the gauntlet past Island No. 10 and came down the river to Point Pleasant without sustaining injury by the Confederate fire. The following day it captured the small forts located on the east bank of the river. I witnessed the whole affair, which did not continue a very long time. A few days after this the Con-

federate forces on Island No. 10 and vicinity surrendered to Gen. Pope.

General Pope, as I saw him, appeared to me like another one of those sound minded, honest, patriotic and well informed soldiers. He loved his country and his flag, and as he appeared to me and what I learned about him caused me to believe that he understood his business and attended to it. Gen. Pope, according to what I learned about him, possessed the right conception of the American volunteer soldier. He once said, "It is true and must in the nature of things always be true, that in a free country and among a free people the real heroes of every war are found in the ranks: men who have taken up arms with the sole purpose to serve their country, and with intelligent knowledge of the object for which they dare the perils of battle and disease."

I had nearly forgotten to tell how well we were entertained a portion of the time while camping in the vicinity of Island No. 10.

There were in the river six large United States mortars and a number of ironclad gunboats. The mortars were of very large caliber, capable of throwing a shell as large as an ordinary water bucket, in diameter I think twelve inches or more. The mortars were mounted on small flatboats, one on each boat.



Bombardment of Island No. 10.



Old Abe.

During a period of about three weeks, every half hour during night time as well as day, one of those large shells from a mortar was sent over to Island No. 10, and exploded with terrific force. Whenever one of those mortars was discharged it would fairly shake the earth about us. During a few nights in the beginning of the siege the noise made by those guns disturbed my sleep, but I soon became accustomed to it. The gunboats also annoyed the Confederates on the island, by throwing solid shot at them. While we were in the vicinity of Island No. 10 and New Madrid, we occasionally met the 8th Wisconsin Regiment, which carried by the side of its regimental flag the famous war eagle (Old Abe), whose photograph appears above. I well remember seeing this proud-appearing bird a number of times, while it was being carried, sitting upon its perch, beside Old Glory. It appeared to me about as large as a fair-sized turkey, and it served through a three years' campaign, returning to its native State in safety, after passing through many battles. When Gen. Pope's command had finished its work in the vicinity of Island No. 10 it went by steamers to Hamburg Landing, Tenn., near the battlefield of Shiloh.



Map of Island No. 10, and Vicinity.

CHAPTER IV.

Up the River to Hamburg Landing and Thence by
Land to Corinth and Jacinto, Miss., Tuscumbia
and Cortland, Ala.

Gen. Pope's army, of which we (the 7th) were a part, on April 18 embarked on steamers and moved down the river toward Memphis, Tenn., but after going in that direction some distance our fleet of steamers faced about and steamed up the Mississippi River to Cairo. From thence up the Ohio to the mouth of the Tennessee and up the Tennessee to Hamburg Landing, Tenn., where we landed April 22. We were sent there for the purpose of assisting the armies of Buell and Grant (then under Gen. Halleck) who had fought the battle of Shiloh and were now preparing to follow the Confederate army, which was concentrating at Corinth, Miss.

While here considerable skirmishing was done. One day during the latter part of April, 1862, Co. C was ordered out, with Capt. Bartlett in command, to make a reconnaissance in the direction of Corinth. We moved out through a timbered country interspersed with considerable underbrush. When out a number

of miles from the river, in looking across a small field to the opposite side, some horsemen were discovered through the open spaces in the brush, which on close investigation proved to be a line of Confederate cavalry. They had seemingly discovered us and were in line of battle and ready. Some of the boys did not wait for orders, but left the ranks and started toward the enemy, when the captain called out, "Keep in line," "Get back in line," but before they would get back some others would start out. The object of the Captain was to get all in line and then make a charge. While we were fooling in this manner the Confederates gave us a volley, mortally wounding one of our number named Dick Springer, of Sublette, Ill., who died a few days later. Just then the Confederates started to retreat and we charged on them as fast as horses could carry us. The excitement was intense, for it was a race between us and the enemy with the advantage on our side. We occasionally gave them a shot when opportunity afforded. In the pursuit several of the enemy were killed, a number wounded and a few taken prisoners. Some of their horses and saddles were also captured, and those of the enemy who remained ahead of us were chased into a swamp and there the pursuit was given up, it not being prudent to venture any farther. When the swamp was reached

I looked about and counted and to my surprise there were only seven of Co. C together at the end of the chase. The remainder were strung out behind for a distance of nearly a half mile. A laughable and yet dangerous incident happened to one of our men in this chase. A large oak tree had fallen to the ground, and one of its branches projected out over the road unobserved by the rider who was going at full speed and came in contact with it. The horse ran under the branch, which caught the saddle, pulling it from the horse which passed on; the saddle stopped and the rider tumbled over the limb upon the ground. At the time of this reconnaissance a young attorney from Mendota, named William E. Beck, was visiting the company. He insisted on going out with us and the Captain furnished him a horse and some firearms. Although he was not an enlisted man he did as good service as any of us. This man became a leading lawyer and died a member of the Supreme Court of Colorado. We came out of this skirmish with the loss of one man, while the enemy's loss was five or six killed and wounded and quite a number of prisoners.

Soon after this a part of the regiment went out on another skirmish, in which I did not participate on account of being on other duty. This proved to be

quite an affair, as there were some infantry troops engaged and the enemy used artillery. Sergeant Porter (later captain) of our company had his horse killed under him by a cannon shot, but he was uninjured. The country between Hamburg Landing and Corinth was mostly timbered, having a great deal of underbrush. I noticed some of this brushy land had been farmed at some time in years past.

The whole army now slowly moved southwest toward Corinth, skirmishing along the way. Our regiment occupied a part of the line of battle, remaining in this position four days and nights, standing by our horses' heads except while trying to sleep, or feed and water our horses. At night we endeavored to get some sleep and rest in the following manner: Alternately one man would hold two horses by the bridles while the other attempted to get some sleep by lying down in front of his horse, but this generally failed on account of occasional firing in close proximity, which would cause some of the horses to jump and thereby disturb us. When we were relieved at the end of the four days we were "played out," as the illustration shows.

When the army arrived in front of Corinth, and was preparing to capture the place, we were surprised on the morning of May 29 to find that it had been va-

cated during the night, the Confederates having gone southward. Our regiment went to Booneville, where it remained several weeks. Then it was sent to Jacinto, Miss., a small town where we camped about a month, doing the ordinary military duties. While



Played Out.

there everything seemed to be quiet, with no enemies to disturb us except millions of woodticks and swifts. This tick is a small gray-colored insect. They stuck on our horses in such a manner that we were obliged to scrape them off, or they would probably have tormented them nearly to death. The swift is a small

four-footed animal formed like a lizard and the color of a frog. At night when we retired they would hop about us by the hundred. They are a noisy creature. One night after we had about all fallen asleep a swift jumped into one of our boy's open shirt bosom, and scrambled about over his bare body, and he thinking it was a snake jumped up, yelling like a demon, arousing nearly the whole camp.

On July 20, 1862, the 7th broke camp and moved eastward into northern Alabama, to a place by the name of Tuscumbia, where we found one of the largest springs of water that I ever saw. It poured forth from a cavity in the rocks with such volume that as it flowed down over a bed of gravel a stream was formed almost knee deep to the horses, and twenty-five or thirty feet wide. The water was very clear, and so cold that the horses sometimes refused to drink it. We camped there a few days, and then part of the regiment moved on eastward to Cortland, Ala., where we found a most beautiful camping place, on the banks of a fine stream, along which were many springs of good water. The country in the immediate vicinity was quite fertile, and foraging was good, as not many of the enemy had passed through here previous to this. Peaches and small fruits were quite plentiful. One day some of the boys brought in a

nice lot of fine peaches. The sight of these put me in the notion of making some peach pies. The commissary had previously issued some flour. My shortening for the pie-crust I procured by frying some bacon. (The bacon-flavored shortening was substituted for nutmegs and other flavorings.) I proceeded to mix the material for the crust which was a new experience for me. After the dough was made I looked about for a rolling pin, with which to prepare the crusts. I found one of those long champagne bottles, which answered the purpose very well. I placed the lower crust on one of our tin plates, and on this the prepared peaches, with plenty of sugar, and then put the covering on and placed it in a cast iron bake-oven. We built a fire around it, and occasionally took the lid off to inspect the process. The baking was soon completed, the pie taken out, and pronounced well done. After eating it we called it good, and I was congratulated on my success. Of course, you know, a soldier in our position would call anything good that could be eaten. But some of the boys declared that I had put the shortening in lengthwise. I thought if I was spared to get home I would try and get a position in a first-class hotel as baker.

Nothing of an exciting nature occurred during our stay at Cortland, except that we received a report

one morning that the Confederates in small force were encamped in a village a few miles away. A squadron of our cavalry, in command of Capt. Bartlett, was immediately sent out in the direction of the village, to take the Johnnies in out of the wet, as we supposed. We moved along cautiously until arriving in the vicinity of the village, when we halted and formed to make a charge into the town. When all was ready the Captain gave the command "Forward, charge," and away we flew into and through the town with drawn sabres, and found nothing to run against. Not a solitary "Johnny" was to be seen. It was like kicking against nothing. We were somewhat disappointed, but as I thought the matter over I concluded to be willing to be thus deluded.

CHAPTER V.

From Northern Alabama to Nashville, Tenn., and Its Occupation by the Federals.

Early on the morning of Aug. 28, 1862, the bugle sounded for boots and saddles. About fifty or sixty of Co. C, including myself, mounted and prepared to move, thinking that we were going on a scouting expedition some distance from camp. Therefore our blankets and small trinkets were left, with the supposition that we would return in the evening. We moved out, and after riding quite a distance, perhaps eight or ten miles, we met Gen. Palmer and staff, with a division of infantry and artillery. He was on his way north, to Nashville, Tenn., a distance of over one hundred and fifty miles. Co. C was employed as escort for the General on the journey, and we never returned to Cortland, losing our blankets and other things.

We were on the way a number of days, occasionally seeing a few of the enemy in our front and having a skirmish with them. During the fore part of the journey a scene was witnessed which I considered

very aggravating. A short distance north of Pulaski, Tenn., we passed a cotton mill by the roadside. It was a two-story frame building, with quite a number of windows on the side next the road, and from each of these windows there peered many heads of women. As we were passing they hissed at us, and called out, "Run you cowards." "They will catch you before you get to Nashville," and many other insulting phrases. Gen. Palmer halted in front of the factory, and after listening to them a few minutes he said: "Ladies, do you know that these soldiers carry matches in their pockets? This building would burn nicely." They took the hint and all was quiet.

One day when three of us were on advance guard we occasionally started forward on the gallop, and left quite a distance between us and the main force. When in the vicinity of Columbia, Tenn., my horse had gained some distance on the other two, and the road winding through the woods, I was unable to see whether the others were in supporting distance. I continued riding until the business street of Columbia was reached, when I halted and looked back, but could see neither of the boys. I waited, momentarily expecting their arrival. At a little distance I saw a small group of men in citizens' dress. I rode up near them and ordered them to disperse, which

they did. Why this was done I hardly know, unless because I thought a bold front would intimidate them, and cause them to believe that reinforcements were very near at hand. I felt somewhat uneasy, as previous to this we had found Confederate soldiers dressed in citizens' clothes, and therefore had good reason to suspect some of the group as such.

I remained here on my horse in suspense, with carbine in hand, a minute or more before the arrival of my two comrades. The minutes seemed long on account of being in doubt. We waited here until the main column arrived, then passed on through the town, skirmishing with a few of the enemy during several days as we advanced, arriving at Nashville the 12th of September. Gen. Palmer was in command of the troops composing his division, and Gen. Negley, being senior, was in command of the district. Communication with the North and other parts of our army was entirely cut off, and we were unable to receive mail or supplies of any kind. The main part of the Union army in this vicinity had gone into Kentucky in pursuit of Bragg. The commissary stores were scant, and we were obliged to go out foraging sometimes in order to get enough to eat. While here we experienced a number of exciting incidents by way of skirmishing and small engagements with the enemy,

who were continually lurking about our picket lines. I was now detailed as orderly at Gen. Palmer's headquarters, in which position I served until Sept. 20, 1863, when I was made a prisoner of war at the battle of Chickamauga.

After being at Nashville some time Gen. Negley was informed that a force of Confederates, consisting mostly of infantry, to the number of several thousand, were encamped at Lavergne, Tenn., about thirteen miles from Nashville. The generals immediately laid plans for the capture of this camp. One night they sent out a brigade of infantry, which marched by a circuitous route to the rear of the Confederate camp, arriving there a little before daylight, but did not disturb the enemy until we attacked them in front. Our forces who made that attack were composed of Gen. Palmer and staff, Co. C, and a small force of infantry and cavalry; also several pieces of artillery.

At first we merely attacked their pickets, which drew the enemy's attention toward us. At the same time the infantry assaulted them in the rear, causing their surrender to us, with the exception of their cavalymen, who escaped. The Confederates had one piece of artillery, a four-pounder, which was disabled after firing a number of shots. This fell into our hands along with their entire camp equipage, including a

large quantity of new uniforms which they had just received. We also captured a brigadier-general. During this engagement I witnessed something that I had never seen or heard of before. As I was looking directly at the Confederate four-pound cannon, which was perhaps eighty or one hundred rods from us, it was discharged and the instant that I saw the smoke issue from the mouth of the gun a small black speck was seen coming toward me and in a second or two it crashed into a rail fence close by. After it had struck the fence I was satisfied that the black speck I had seen was the ball from the cannon. Soon after this I heard a rattling noise to the left. I turned and looked in that direction and saw brick rolling down over the roof of a residence which was in close proximity. Evidently a ball from the Confederate gun came in contact with the chimney, causing a confusion about the house. While looking that way a man came out of the house and looked up at the chimney, apparently surprised at the condition of things. I concluded that the people in the house were in a perilous condition.

While this small engagement was in progress Gen. Palmer was busily engaged with his telescope, viewing the battlefield and directing the movements of troops. He stood upon a small strawstack in good

view of the enemy, giving directions as composedly as if talking to pupils in a schoolroom. After the firing ceased we rode into the Confederate camp and found that we had captured many wagon-loads of property, which was loaded and hauled with us to Nashville.

The reader can comprehend to some extent (by the former descriptions of battle scenes) the hardships and desolation that people are compelled to undergo in countries where armies pass through in time of war. I often felt grieved for people in the South when their stock, grain and fences were appropriated for the use of the army. Of course a commander will not allow his soldiers to starve. If his trains cannot keep up with the troops he will order the commissary to gather provisions from the country through which they are passing (of course citizens were not allowed to starve), and when an army is on the march and goes into camp in the evening, the soldiers have not time to chop down trees for fuel, but take fences, and thereby the country is more or less desolated, generally more. I can remember when orders were given to the soldiers allowing them to take only the top rail off a fence for fuel, but each rail in turn became a top rail and in a few minutes the whole fence would disappear.

An exciting chase and skirmish.—One afternoon Lieut. Shaw of Co. C was ordered to take a squad of Co. C, some ten or twelve in number, and go outside the picket lines to see what he could discover in regard to the location of the enemy. After riding some distance across the country, Charles Evitts, William Orris and myself, who were advance guard, arrived near the top of a hill, and looking over its brow discovered three Confederates seemingly on outpost picket duty. We thought they were performing their duty in a very careless manner as they were dismounted. We fired, and of course the instant they heard the report of our guns they mounted their horses and rode away as fast as they could, one of them leaving his gun leaning against the fence. We immediately started to follow them at full speed. As we passed the picket station I slowed up and grabbed the gun which the Confederates had left and destroyed it (by throwing it down upon the stone road, which broke the stock off), so that it was of no further use to the enemy, and it would have been of no use to Uncle Sam. Then I followed on at a fast gait, overtaking the other two boys.

During the chase one of the three Confederates fell from his horse and we made him a prisoner; he having been shot through the arm by our first fire. We

pushed on after the other two Johnnies, who gave the alarm to their reserve force which numbered probably fifty or sixty, who were just cooking their suppers beside the road in a ravine. As soon as the alarm was given of our approach they all mounted their horses and rode up the opposite hill in confusion, leaving their suppers cooking. Some of them even left their saddles which they had removed from their horses. The fun this time was on our side. It was laughable to see the Confederates hustling up the hill in such confusion with us, perhaps less than one-fifth of their number, in pursuit. The roads being very dusty at this time, and no wind blowing, the trail of dust we left behind us caused them to believe that there was a large force in pursuit, thus causing their hasty flight.

In this little skirmish we captured one prisoner, a fine double-barreled shotgun, a horse, some saddles and numerous other small articles, and returned to camp after dark in the evening.

Attacking the Confederates behind a stone wall.—Some days later while at Nashville we went out on another reconnoitering expedition into the enemy's country, with a small force consisting of Co. C, Capt. Bartlett in command, two pieces of artillery and several companies of infantry, with Gen. Palmer in com-

mand of the whole. After marching some distance from camp we discovered a small force of the enemy, which gradually fell back before our advance until they reached a farmhouse, where a thick stone wall was found, used as a fence between the house and barn. The Confederates thought the wall a good stronghold, and took a position behind it, not being aware that we had artillery with us, and therefore considering themselves safe behind the wall. They opened fire on us, but we did not like to attack them with our small arms while in their fortified position. Therefore the general ordered the artillerymen to open fire on them. The first or second shot passed through the wall, and another one through the barn, which caused quite a commotion among them. The house also received a number of shots from the rifles. They immediately took to flight and we went down to inspect the barn and wall. I found one large hardwood timber in the barn nearly cut in two by a shot from our artillery. I do not remember of any one in our command being seriously injured during this engagement. We returned to camp, performing our military duties as usual. We experienced a number of skirmishes similar to the above during our stay at Nashville.

Nov. 7, 1862, brought good news to us. The Federal

army from Kentucky arrived at Nashville, which opened communication once more with the North and our homes. We had not received any mail for about three months and were very glad indeed to receive letters from home, some of which had been on the way two or three months. The army was now being thoroughly reorganized, and named Army of the Cumberland, with Gen. Rosecrans in command; and preparations were made for the advance on Murfreesboro. We remained here at Nashville until Dec. 26, 1862.

CHAPTER VI.

The Advance on Murfreesboro—Battle of Stone River—Occupation of Murfreesboro by the Federals—Cripple Creek and Tullahoma Campaign—Advance on Chattanooga and Chickamauga.

The announcement was made on Christmas night, 1862, to the Army of the Cumberland, to prepare to march the following morning, with three days' rations in the haversacks and cartridge boxes well filled. The reveille sounded loudly throughout the camps about Nashville early on the morning of the 26th, and all was alive, with thousands of busy soldiers preparing for the advance. The morning dawned drearily, with threatening clouds overhanging the sky, but preparations to move forward went briskly on. After breakfast the order came to strike tents and prepare to move soon. Regiment after regiment filed out on several different roads leading toward Murfreesboro, with fifes and drums playing inspiring music, which cheered the soldiers to a high degree.

But alas! How little did we know how many of our number, now so cheerful, would be laid low within a

few days by the enemy's bullets and that 9,700 of our number would be killed or wounded within eight days on the battlefield of Stone River.

The whole army was soon on the move, and outside of the picket lines. A skirmish line was pushed forward, and did not march many miles before the skirmishers of the enemy were met, who gradually retired. We continued to advance, sometimes meeting quite a force of the enemy, who repeatedly withdrew. This continued until we reached the vicinity of Stone River, Dec. 30, 1862.

During the march of the Army of the Cumberland from Nashville to the vicinity of Murfreesboro, which continued from Dec. 26 to the 30th, rain fell in torrents nearly every day, which caused the roads to become almost impassable. After thousands of horses had passed over the soft and water-covered roads, the mud was fearful, from four to six inches in depth and in some places half knee deep, and of the consistency of cream or very thick paint ready for use. The reader can judge by looking at the illustration whether it was a pleasure for the soldiers to tramp all day on a road in the above-mentioned condition, while the rain was pouring down.

The soldiers were loaded as mentioned, following: First a knapsack, containing extra garments, under-



The Army Marching Through Mud and Rain.

wear and blanket; also any trinkets that a soldier chose to have; second, a haversack, containing three or four days' rations; third, a gun, a heavy belt with cartridge box containing 40 rounds, and last but not least, a canteen full of water. The cavalry and artillery fared but little or perhaps no better than the infantry on those muddy roads, as the tramping of the horses caused the mud to splash in such a manner that both horses and riders became literally plastered with it, which gave them a job of cleaning up. It requires grit and a good constitution to march all day on a slushy road with rain pouring down, and then go into camp at night and lie down to sleep on the muddy ground with rain-soaked clothes. It also requires iron-clad patriotism, to keep a smiling countenance under these conditions.

The haversack and canteen were as essential to a soldier of the War of the Rebellion from 1861 to 1865 when on a long march as a tender is to a railroad locomotive. The locomotive when running would soon become powerless if the tender did not accompany it to supply fuel and water with which to create power to enable it to travel.

That was also the fact with the soldier. If he did not have the indispensable haversack and canteen well filled, attached to himself when on the march, he

could expect that his locomotive power would fail in a short time and he would become unable to march. The haversack generally contained the following articles when filled for the march: First, a quantity of the genuine, indispensable, hard-as-a-rock-Uncle-Sam-hardtack, sometimes animated hardtack; a slice of bacon, sometimes animated; a small package of browned coffee, a small quantity of sugar tied up in paper and tucked away in a corner, and last but not least, a pinch of salt. But why was salt needed? The bacon was salty, and the hardtack did not need salt, and it would not have improved the coffee. The salt appears to be a mystery, but perhaps it was not a mystery to the soldier. Some people may not understand the meaning of the words, "animated hardtack." Therefore we will explain. Animated hardtack was that which was inhabited by the larvæ of flies, a footless insect or grub, but plainly speaking, a maggot. The soldiers of the war from 1861 to 1865 were occasionally treated to a few rations of animated hardtack and animated bacon also, perhaps by mistake. In such cases the soldiers were liable to find a portion of their rations escaping.

The canteen generally contained water, but there were occasions when it did not contain water; perhaps milk, if a cow could be found, and the finder

chanced to be an expert milker, capable of milking into the small mouth of a canteen. The haversack was not a thing of beauty, nor was it ornamented, especially after it had been in use during a considerable length of time. It was generally constructed of heavy canvas, and of course after the greasy bacon had been stored in it and carried on those long marches in that broiling Dixie sun, and on dusty roads, it became a slick-appearing object as the canvas became saturated with grease from the bacon and then a coat of dust adhered to it, which, after considerable wear and several alternate coats of grease and dust, made it as polished as a looking-glass. A story was circulated during the war about some remarks that a southern lady made when a number of our regiments were passing. She said, "There are the proudest lot of Yanks that I have seen. Every fellow has a looking-glass hanging to him." She evidently mistook the glossy haversacks for looking-glasses.

Now after marching all day loaded, as previously described, the soldiers would receive orders to halt and go into camp by the roadside in their order of march. The camping place sometimes was in a muddy cornfield or cottonfield, and other times in the woods. After each regiment and company were assigned to a place to be occupied during the night, ar-

rangements were made for the purpose of procuring fuel and water, and if sticks could be found the proper size the pup tents were erected, after which the boys would proceed with the preparations for getting supper, which were generally not very elaborate, as the cooking utensils during a long march were few, consisting of a tin cup, in which the coffee was boiled, and a small branch of a tree fifteen or eighteen inches in length and pointed at each end. One end was stuck in the ground at an angle of about 45 degrees, and a slice of bacon hung on the other end near enough to the fire to make it broil and also make it palatable. The coffee was next in order. The butt end of a gun was substituted for a coffee mill on these occasions. The coffee was boiled in a tin cup, or a very small coffee pot if the soldier chanced to have one, until it became strong enough to float an iron wedge (as the boys termed it). When supper was ready they would sit on the ground in small groups and gnaw at their hardtack and bacon. If the weather happened to be cool they would sit in a circle around a small camp-fire and eat and talk until they became sleepy or taps sounded for lights out. Then a sleeping place was prepared. If their camping place was in a cornfield a few cornstalks or other rubbish would be gathered and placed on the ground for a bed, and when about

ready to retire they would perhaps be surprised by the orderly who called their names for extra picket duty, perhaps to go on outside picket. They go out to their post of duty and perhaps about the time that they are posted rain begins falling. A long, dreary night is spent by watching for the enemy. Morning dawns and the rain still continues falling. The men are called in off their post of duty. When they arrive in camp the bugle sounds to fall in ready to march. Then another call forward when they begin their march for the day without breakfast or making their toilets. But after marching some distance hunger begins to gnaw, and a few hardtack are found at which they begin to nibble as they march. Hungry, sleepy, and tired, they continue to march all day on the muddy roads, while rain is pouring down, for \$13 per month for the purpose of perpetuating our glorious government.

On the morning of Dec. 31 the memorable battle of Stone River, or Murfreesboro, began. At daylight Gen. Bragg, who was in command of the Confederates, made a furious attack upon the right wing of the Federal army, and drove it back, but at a fearful cost. A temporary panic followed immediately on our right wing, mostly among the army wagon teams and runaway horses, and horses from which riders had been

shot. All these came rushing back at a furious rate. I witnessed a portion of the above scene and have no desire to see another like it. I well remember seeing a six-mule team with army wagon attached running at full speed over a rail fence, brush, rocks and logs. At the same time I saw wounded soldiers covered with blood, horses perhaps in a similar condition, all with a mad rush making their way toward the rear. The above was only a sample of other such scenes.

After the right was driven back the Confederates concentrated their forces upon our center and the right of the left, which were composed of Palmer's and several other commands, who repulsed the Confederates with great loss. Our artillery swung into line on the run, and poured forth its deadly missiles into the enemy's ranks.

Nothing in war is more exciting than to see a battery go into action. It has been drilled incessantly for months, perhaps years, for just such a crisis—for the moment when it can gallop directly into the very hell of the battle and throw all of its terrific power into a few minutes of awful work in deciding the contest. Day in and day out men and horses have been unweariedly drilled for a few moments of intense action at a critical time. Time and fatigue have been disregarded, to train them thoroughly as parts of a



Going Into Action.

great machine of destruction. They have become such integral parts that they go through their duties automatically, as if they were second nature.

Nothing deranges the perfect operation of the terrific machine. They will dash into the midst of the fight, where the shells are spreading wild havoc and the deadly rifle balls patter like rain, without a thought of their surroundings; and open their volcano on the enemy without making a blunder or missing a motion. A man is torn to fragments by a shell and another instantly steps into his place; a horse is shot down, he is immediately cut out and another hitched in his place. The guns bellow uninterruptedly, no matter what havoc the enemy's missiles are creating around them. It is the grandest yet most awful spectacle that war affords.

The Confederates made three or four desperate attempts to break this portion of our line, but failed and were repulsed each time, and remained nearly all the balance of the day under cover. During the day the shattered divisions of the Union army from the right were reorganized and were soon ready for action. The day was now far spent and the firing about at an end. The troops were mostly concealed in the woods or behind knolls, so as to be out of reach of the enemy's fire. Shortly before the sun disappeared in the west

I rode out into a small open space where my curiosity led me. Near by was a long line of infantry lying behind the crest of a knoll flat on the ground. When I was within a couple of rods of them two of the men looked around at me and one of them said, "You better get away from there." He had hardly spoken the words when several bullets from Confederate sharpshooters, who were concealed in a cedar thicket, whizzed uncomfortably close to my ears, and I took the hint, and in a very short space of time I was out of sight in the woods, where a portion of our troops were posted.

The day's battle was now ended and everything seemed to be quiet along the lines. Darkness soon settled down over the battlefield and we proceeded to get something to eat. This was New Year's eve, and the army held watch-night, but not in the same style that we do at home. A good portion of the soldiers slept upon their arms. I distinctly remember that night, the moon shone brightly the fore part of the night and all was quiet in our front. All that could be heard was the rumbling of the ambulance wheels rolling over the battlefield, hauling the wounded to the hospital.

The morning of Jan. 1, 1863, dawned drearily upon us, but before noon it cleared off and the sun shone



The Lull in the Fight.

and Nature smiled lovingly upon the field of the previous day's carnage. The day passed without a general engagement, but the lines of the army were being reformed and preparations were made for another battle the following day.

The illustration is full of the spirit of war. It represents the lull which comes after one attack has been repulsed before another is made. The men behind the rude, hastily-constructed but quite formidable defenses, are having a brief respite. They know that it is only a respite, but are making the most of it. They will get what comfort they can in the meanwhile. It is probable they will be attacked again soon, but while they are ready and willing to meet it they are borrowing no trouble about it. They feel that they can repulse it as certainly and easily as they did the other. If the hour has any comfort in it they are going to enjoy it. The squad of prisoners in the foreground is very eloquent. It shows how the Confederate conscription was forcing into the ranks "all classes and conditions of men."

The capture of prisoners had become so common a thing that the squad hardly excites a ripple of interest among the men. They hardly look up from their cooking or their game to observe the new captures, who

simply go to swell the tens of thousands already in our hands.

Jan. 2 opened with some firing along the line, and late in the afternoon became a general engagement on our left, which resulted in a complete defeat of the Confederates. About the time that this battle of Jan. 2 fairly began, Lieut. John H. Shaw, of Co. C, 7th Illinois Cavalry climbed a tall forest tree for the purpose of locating the enemy and directing the firing of our artillery, which he did with good success. And while he was up in the tree, sitting upon a limb four or five inches in diameter, viewing the enemy with a large telescope, a cannon shot cut the limb off about 7 or 8 feet from where he was sitting. The Lieutenant told me that it was quite a nervous shock to him, and he scrambled down from that tree faster than he went up.

During this engagement Gen. Palmer sent me on an errand, and on the way I was obliged to pass through a line of our artillery posted on the west bluff of Stone River. On my return trip, when riding through the line and within ten or fifteen feet of one of the guns, I saw the axle cut from under it by a shot from the enemy. The beautiful brass gun tumbled to the ground. The battle was raging fiercely, causing havoc all about. Shells were exploding and shrieking

through the air. Solid shot was plowing the earth and throwing the ground in showers around us. It seemed as if the whole Southern Confederacy had broken loose upon that spot. Rifle and musket balls were doing their share of execution also. After passing the line of guns I found myself among the artillerymen and horses, where an alarming confusion was found, caused by the fearful execution of the enemy's fire, which appeared to be concentrated right on that place. When near one of the artillerymen, on his horse, I saw the upper part of his head disappear. A cannon shot did the work, and he fell from his horse a corpse. By what I have just mentioned the reader can judge in regard to the condition of things during a battle, as this was only a sample of many similar scenes.

After extricating myself from the confused mass I made my way back to headquarters and reported to Gen. Palmer, and considered myself extremely fortunate in running the gauntlet of the enemy's fire without injury to myself or horse.

Soon after making my report to the General the famous charge took place across Stone River by Gen. Negley's division and other troops. Negley's division formed the principal part of the charge. The men waded through water several feet deep, some of them waist



Negley's Charge Across Stone River, Jan. 2, 1863.

deep. A few were shot while wading and fell into the water. The battle raged fiercely for a short time and the Confederates were repulsed with great loss. Gen. Rosecrans then ordered an advance and our soldiers obeyed with a cheer. We soon heard continuous cheering, and the Confederates were routed and on the run. Gen. Palmer was so elated over our success that he fairly stood up in the stirrups of his saddle and said, "The boys have got them on the run, the boys have got them on the run," and swung his hat above his head. "Pap Palmer," as he was called by some of the men, was loved by his soldiers, and as a consequence Palmer's division nearly always held its line of battle, and did not know defeat.

The day was drawing to a close, and the Confederates were falling back, leaving the battlefield in our possession. Thus ended the battle of Stone River. Just as it was getting dusk the General and I rode down across a portion of the field which had been occupied by the Confederates during the heavy firing from our artillery and musketry combined, and where Breckenridge's corps lost 1,800 men in less than a half hour. We found the ground strewn with their dead so thickly that our horses could hardly pass through. It was a fearful sight to behold. The battle of Stone River proved to be a very hard-fought battle. The

Federal loss was about 9,500 killed and wounded, and the Confederate about 10,000. The Federal army soon afterward occupied Murfreesboro, going into camp south and east of the town. The Confederacy had received another blow, but at a fearful loss of life. The Federal army was now being replenished with ammunition and other supplies, and remained in this vicinity during the winter months performing the ordinary military duties. Gen. Hazen's brigade of Palmer's division was camped 9 miles east of Murfreesboro on a high knob, where a signal station was located, and we received messages by signals from this station.

In the spring of 1863 Gen. Palmer moved his headquarters and a part of his division five or six miles east of Murfreesboro to Cripple Creek, where we remained until the latter part of June.

The Execution of a Spy and Bounty-jumper.

While camping at Cripple Creek we witnessed the execution of a spy and bounty-jumper.

The troops were drawn up in line on three sides of an open field in military order and facing inward. The criminal was escorted around on the inside of the square passing in front of the troops, and his coffin was carried in advance.

When the prisoner reached the open side of the square or field he was halted and placed near his coffin in a standing posture, blind-folded and shot to death. The executing party was composed of eight or ten soldiers (the exact number I have forgotten). Their guns were loaded by outside parties in order that the executioners could not know which of them fired the fatal shots, as one-half of the guns were loaded with powder only.

On June 24 we again took up the line of march in pursuit of the enemy. It was then reported that Gen. Bragg, in command of the Confederate army, would offer battle at Tullahoma, Tenn., but he failed to do so, retreating in the direction of Chattanooga, south of the Tennessee River. On these marches we experienced much rainy weather, during which I had some experience of sleeping on a rail during a very rainy night. Three or four rails were used under me with some rubbish on top of them. My saddle for a pillow, rubber blanket for a cover, and hat over my face. This rail bed kept my body out of the water.

Part of our army, including Gen. Palmer's command, moved southward, and when it was found that the Confederates were crossing the Tennessee River Palmer's division went into camp at Manchester, Tenn., where it remained about a month. At the battle of



Sleeping on a Rail.

Stone River, as the regiments of our division were about to be attacked by the enemy, Gen. Palmer rode along the line to speak words of encouragement to the men; and when he came to the 6th Kentucky he said: "Sixth Kentucky, you have work to do, stand up to them and you may steal for six months." This last sentence was spoken in a sort of joking manner. But some of the boys had not forgotten it nearly six months later. When on the march from Cripple Creek

toward Tullahoma, and rations were scarce, one evening before they went into camp many of the men dropped out of ranks for the purpose of foraging, which was contrary to orders. Soon after camp guard was established the General gave orders to the captain of the guards to arrest all foragers as fast as they came in and escort them to his headquarters. They soon began to arrive, some loaded with fresh beef, others with dressed hog, calf, and other articles of food. As fast as they arrived, the General ordered them to lay their meat on a pile near his tent, and afterward ordered it to be divided by the commissary. Among these foragers was a very small man, a German, belonging to the 6th Kentucky, who was brought in sweating, loaded down with the halt of a hog. At the General's orders he threw his load down on the pile, and the General said to him: "Who gave you leave to break ranks and go out and steal?" "You did," he said. The General replied: "You lying rascal, I never authorized you to steal." The man again said, "You did." A crowd of the boys were standing around enjoying the scene. The General then said: "When did I authorize you to steal?" He replied: "At the battle of Stone River you ride up and you say, 'Stand up to them, 6th Kentucky, and you may steal for six months,' and the time is not up, we have one more day." The

General then remembered the occasion and the crowd roared with laughter. The next man interviewed by the General belonged to the 41st Ohio. He had the half of a calf he had found and killed. The General told him to throw his meat down on the heap, and he did so. He stood very respectfully for a few minutes and then said: "General, aren't you going to let me have my meat?" He replied: "No, you break ranks and go out and rob the people and expect to have the result of your robbery?" Soon the tears ran down the man's cheeks. The General said to him: "You great overgrown booby, are you crying about a thing of this kind?" The man replied: "General, I have had nothing to eat since yesterday morning." His orderly sergeant was sent for who confirmed the statement. Gen. Palmer gave him his veal and some salt, and then said: "My authority has been subverted, I have been laughed out of the hog and cried out of the calf."

In the fore part of August Gen. Palmer with his division moved eastward and crossed the Cumberland Mountains into Sequatchie valley, where we spent a number of days in slowly moving down the valley toward Chattanooga, striking the Tennessee River west of the city, where we arrived about Sept. 1. On these marches I often slept in my pup tent, or without any shelter.



Pup Tents.

A few of us crossed the river in a canoe, leading our horses, who swam along beside us, there being no bridge or ferry at this place. I do not remember at what places the army crossed, but they probably crossed somewhere on a pontoon bridge, or ferry, constructed by themselves. I think they found a crossing at a place called Shellmound. We had not been on the south side of the river very long before we saw the brigades of Gen. Palmer's division also on that side.

We were now in the vicinity of Lookout Mountain, where a portion of us camped and remained a day or two. A part of the army went up on top of the moun-

tain, the summit of which is 1,700 feet above the Tennessee River. It appeared to me almost perpendicular at the end next the river, there being just room enough between the mountain and the river for the railroad and wagon road. When Palmer's division began ascending the mountain, Lieut. Shaw and myself were sent on an errand by the General, going by a circuitous route, and were obliged to climb the north side of the mountain, following a footpath. We dismounted and led our horses, having hard work to get the animals up. After accomplishing this difficult feat of climbing the steep mountain-side we found the General and his troops already there. We marched eastward to the end of the mountain, where I walked out on a projecting rock.

A small town named Summertown, or Summerville, was here entered, and the road extended down the mountain on the south side, on which the troops descended. We were then within three miles of Chattanooga, and again moved forward in a southerly direction, or rather a southeasterly direction, leaving the town to our left, and went into camp a short distance from Rossville, Sept. 9, and the following day moved forward as usual in a southeasterly direction. We found that the city had been evacuated by the Confederates. On our way between Chattanooga and



A Projecting Rock on Lookout Mountain.

Ringgold, Ga., we found a patch of the finest sweet potatoes I ever saw. Whenever I hear the song, "Marching through Georgia," containing the lines,

"How the turkeys gobbled, which our commissary found,
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,"

I am reminded of that sweet potato patch away down in Georgia.

We were getting in the vicinity of the enemy again, and now moved forward in a southerly direction but without encountering the enemy in large force until after passing Ringgold, Ga. I distinctly remember camping there one night, only a few days prior to the battle of Chickamauga. While there some of the Co. C boys got into a drug store, which seemingly had been abandoned, where they procured something to drink that was stronger than water; so much so that several of them became intoxicated. They were quite hilarious, and one of them became almost sick in consequence, and another, who also had unwisely imbibed, procured a bottle of medicine from the store with which he tried to treat the man, whom he claimed as his patient, and who was lying down. He opened the bottle and tried to pour some of its contents into the mouth of his patient, who refused to swallow, and soon his face was besmeared with the stuff, which was as black as tar. His face presented a ridiculous

spectacle. The division surgeon was sent for, and was told to hurry up as we had a very sick man in our camp. He soon arrived, and found the man lying on a blanket with his eyes closed, his face being rather pale excepting where it was besmeared with the black tarry medicine, and presenting a comical appearance. The doctor made a brief examination of the patient, stepped back and smiled, saying to the boys, "The man will be all right in the morning," and rode away. The following day we went in the direction of Lee and Gordon's Mills, Crawfish Springs, and the upper Chickamauga. We remained in this vicinity a few days, watching and skirmishing with the enemy, then retraced our steps, going slowly in the direction of Chattanooga. Some firing continued with the enemy, which was Sept. 17 and 18. By that time Rosecrans' army was concentrated on the north bank of Chickamauga Creek and the skirmishing became more general.

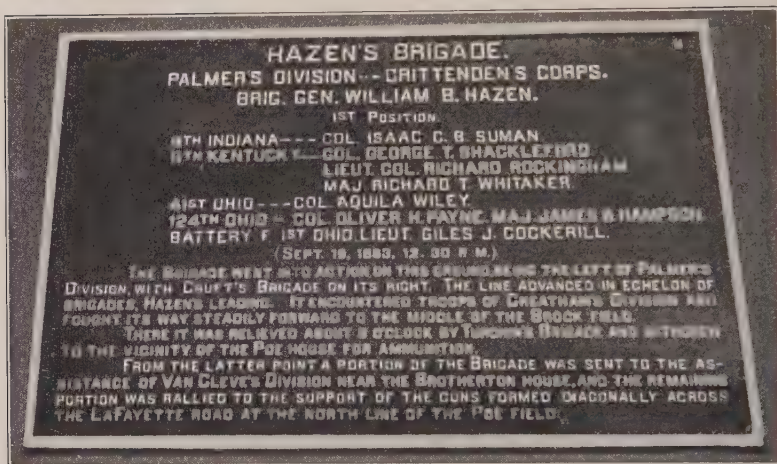
CHAPTER VII.

Beginning of the Battle of Chickamauga.

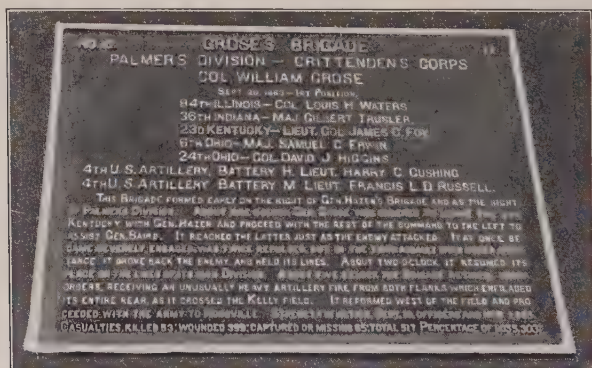
Major General Rosecrans commanded the Army of the Cumberland at the battle of Stone River and also at Chickamauga. What I saw of Gen. Rosecrans, and also what I learned about him otherwise, convinced me that he was brave in battle, and capable in command of a small army, and patriotic. But he possessed a passionate gallantry, which we saw displayed on battlefields by a few of our generals. A commander possessing these qualities will generally become easily discouraged, and relinquish a contested battlefield with but slight occasion for doing so.

Brig. Gen. Hazen commanded a brigade in Palmer's division. I delivered messages at his headquarters often, during a period of more than a year, and had an opportunity to learn his character to some extent. I considered him to be a fine soldier and a gentleman. He was always at his post of duty, and enforced discipline with his soldiers, and was always ready to see that they were properly supplied with rations, clothing, and everything they were entitled to.

Col. William Grose commanded a brigade in Gen.

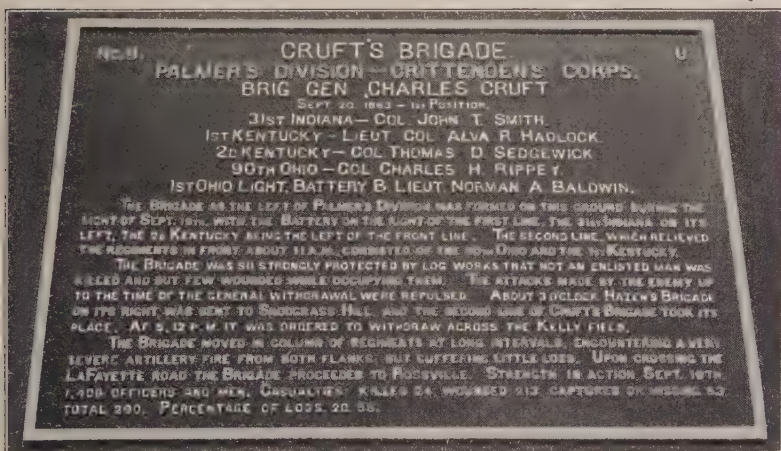


Hazen's Brigade.



Grose's Brigade.

Palmer's division. I delivered messages to Col. Grose as often as I did to Gen. Hazen, and had as much opportunity of studying his character. I considered him to be a gentleman, and a good and patriotic soldier. He did not enforce discipline as readily as Gen. Hazen, but held his command fairly well in hand.



Cruft's Brigade.

Brig. Gen. Cruft also commanded a brigade in Palmer's division, and I delivered messages to him the same as I did to Gen. Hazen and Col. Grose, and learned his character about as well as I did theirs. I formed a good opinion of Gen. Cruft. He appeared

to me as very kindly, and pleasant to his companions. He apparently knew his duty and did it.

Sept. 19, 1863, dawned with the enemy in close proximity, and apparently moving toward our left, threatening to cut our communications with Chattanooga. During the day heavy fighting occurred along different parts of the line. Of course we also moved toward our left which was in danger of being flanked by the enemy. By the evening of the 19th the battle was well under way, and during the night many changes were made in our lines. Gen. Palmer's division took position in the woods, on a long, low ridge extending north and south, and a short distance east from the famous Kelly field (perhaps twelve or fifteen rods), which also extended north and south.

Accompanying is a photograph taken in 1907, faintly showing the position occupied by Gen. Palmer's division at Chickamauga on Sept. 20, 1863, with Reynolds' division on his right, and Baird's and Johnson's on his left. The line is marked by monuments, showing the place occupied by each regiment. But the monuments do not appear distinctly in this photograph, on account of its having been greatly reduced in size. The above battle line extends parallel with the east line of the Kelly field and faces to the east. Near the southeast corner of the field can be seen a



Photograph of Kelly Field—East Side.

pyramid of cannon balls, which marks the spot where Col. E. A. King, commanding a brigade in Reynolds' division, was killed, Sept. 20.

I closely inspected this part of the battlefield in September, 1906, and found its location almost exactly as I remembered it from 1863.

During the night of Sept. 19, 1863, a line of temporary defenses was constructed with old logs, trees and stones, or anything that would answer the purpose. These breastworks were from two to three feet in height, making very good protection for the infantry while they were lying down.

During the morning, when the battle was momentarily expected to open, Gen. Palmer was standing in rear of the temporary defenses, inspecting them, and the infantry were lying on the ground behind them awaiting the attack, when some of them were peering over the top of a log which composed the upper portion of the defenses looking in the direction of the enemy, trying to discover their position. Everything was as still as death, when an enemy's bullet struck the log, knocking off a large spinter and sending it whizzing through the air. The General, seeing what happened, cried out, "Down with your head, my man, you have got only one head and you may want to use that in a minute." In an instant several more bullets came over,

passing through the folds of the General's pants. One of the boys seeing what took place looked at the General and said: "General, down with your legs, you have only one pair of them and you may want to use them in a minute." In an instant all was confusion, and the bullets were coming over almost as thick as hail, and I think there was use for heads and legs.

During the evening of the 19th, as the members of Co. C were sitting around a small fire, Lieut. Shaw made the remark: "Boys, tomorrow will be the hardest fought battle that we have seen"; which subsequently proved to be true. One of the members, named William Buchan, folded his arms and said in a sort of joking way: "I wish I was at home with mother." Poor boy, it would have been well for him if he had been there, for he was hit by a shot the following day while serving as orderly for Lieut. Shaw, and lived only a short time. When he was struck they were obliged to retreat, with the enemy not far away. They halted, took him from his horse, laid him down, and the brave boy spoke and said: "Lieutenant, go on or you will be captured; do not stop for me, in a few minutes I will be done." He then shook hands, saying, "Tell Scudder (my chum) to tell my folks how I died."

This incident about Buchan I did not witness, but

it was related to me later on by my comrades of Co. C. Comrade Buchan was a sample of whom the majority of the army was composed. Dear reader, think of the unselfish patriotism displayed by him in his dying hour. He was willing to be left alone on a dreary battlefield to die, in order that his comrades might escape capture and therefore be able to assist in the restoration of the Union, that future generations, in fact all mankind, might enjoy the blessings resulting from a united country and the best and most righteous government on earth.

About two months later, after the Federal army had been reinforced and the enemy driven back, a large party of Federal troops, including some of Co. C, went out to the battlefield of Chickamauga to bury the dead who had been left there unburied after the battle. I was informed that they found more than one thousand unburied bodies. A number of members of Co. C proceeded to the portion of the battlefield where they had left Buchan at the time he was killed, and there found his remains. There was not much remaining except the skeleton, but they identified him by his curly hair, and a certain peculiar ring on his finger, which was removed and sent home to his folks.

The boys removed and buried him, and marked his grave. Later his remains were removed to the Na-

tional Cemetery near Chattanooga, Tenn., which I visited in September, 1906, and with a kodak photographed the grave, which is shown in the illustration.

He was a good boy and loved by all. On the day that the remains of Buchan were found and buried by the Co. C boys, many sad scenes were discovered by them on the battlefield of Chickamauga, which battle was fought two months previous. The marks of the fearful strife were yet visible. Here and there were lines of hastily-constructed defenses, the ground was strewn with knapsacks, fragments of harness, haversacks, canteens, pieces of clothing, tin plates, bullet-pierced, round shot and unexploded shell. And there were also found straps, cartridge boxes, old socks, old shoes, letters rotting on the decaying bodies of once brave soldiers, all sad signs and telling their silent story of the great fight at Chickamauga. What a crowd of sorrowful memories! Where is the soldier who wore that belt? Where the one who wore those shoes? Is he cold in death? If so what eyes have been dimmed with tears at his sad fate? What hopes have been destroyed, what affections crushed, what hearts wrung with anguish never more to brighten? But sadder sights than the above were discovered by our boys as they moved over the battlefield. The unburied remains of hundreds of Union soldiers lay full

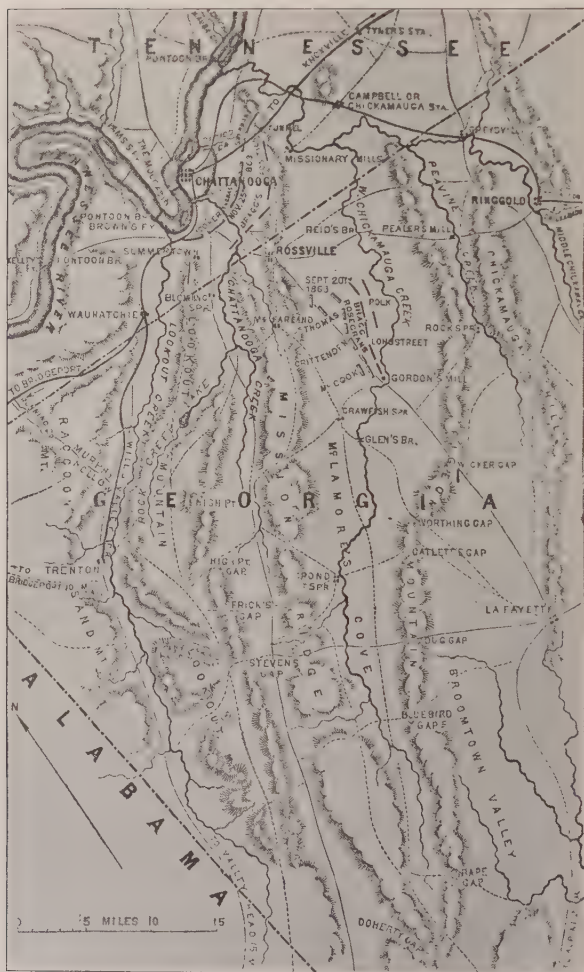


William Buchan's Grave.

length here and there, and again some had been partly buried, and others so slightly covered with earth that they were rooted out by the swine and lay scattered about in promiscuous heaps. And another sight was beheld. A deep well was discovered, filled to the surface with Union soldiers. Fellow citizens, do we appreciate what we enjoy, which has been secured by such sacrifices?

Soon after the time that Buchan was killed by the enemy's shot I was inside of the line of the Confederate army looking for a place to escape. Sept. 20, 1863, was a day which will remain fresh in my memory as long as I live, on account of its terrible battles, the loss of William Buchan and many others, and myself being made a prisoner of war. The battle in our front began in the morning about nine o'clock, and raged fiercely at intervals during nearly the whole day and along Snodgrass Hill until after dark. The Confederates charged Palmer's front repeatedly, but were as often repulsed. Some parts of the Union lines were broken by the enemy during the day and our prospects for success appeared rather discouraging.

On one occasion during the forenoon, when the Confederates charged on Palmer's and Baird's positions, they approached so near that those in advance came inside of our temporary defenses and were made



Chickamauga Map.

prisoners. I well remember seeing them after their surrender.

The Confederate loss in our front was fearful, because whenever they came in sight our artillery poured forth grape and canister, which literally mowed swaths through their ranks. And if they approached within rifle or musket range, a dazzling sheet of flame would burst forth from our long lines of infantry.

This each time compelled them to fall back in disorder. During the day, while Gen. Palmer and myself were riding from one part of the line to another, his horse was struck just over one eye by a bullet, which stunned him and he fell to the ground. The General, being in a hurry to reach another part of our line, asked me to let him ride my horse, to which I consented and remained with his, which soon recovered, regained his feet, and apparently was all right again. The General returned and gave me my horse, and we mounted and rode away to another part of the line, where he wished to give some directions. We remained here for some time to watch the progress of the next attack, which was looked for soon to come. The infantry were lying behind their low breastworks, and the gunners of the artillery were alert near their guns awaiting the attack. The General had just dismounted in rear of the line of battle,

and I was on my horse near by waiting for orders, when the enemy made another terrific movement on our line. Immediately our artillery bellowed with a deafening roar, sending forth its terrible missiles of destruction among the enemy, who when coming within rifle range received also the fire from our infantry, from whose long lines burst forth a sheet of flame; and the Confederates were repulsed with heavy loss. Their bullets came over at a fearful rate; at times it seemed as though they came as thick as if one would take a handful of shelled corn and scatter it broadcast. The roar of firearms from friend and foe was deafening, and it seemed as if the earth trembled beneath our feet.

The General was standing, talking to some of the officers. He turned toward me, saying: "Eby, you should not expose yourself unnecessarily. You would better dismount and step behind a tree while you are waiting for orders." I immediately obeyed the General's suggestion with a good will. It was now some time after noon, but we had not stopped for dinner, as there seemed to be some objections on the other side. The firing in our front ceased at times, but we could hear the incessant roar of musketry and artillery off at our right and rear, we being on the left. It seemed to move off farther and farther, until it sounded

as though it were a mile away. Then in a few moments it would begin again nearer to us, and again roll off gradually in the distance. And now after these forty-five years of time have passed when I think about it I imagine that I can hear that same roar of firearms.

Thus the afternoon wore slowly away, we occasionally receiving some news from other parts of the army in regard to the progress of the battle, sometimes favorable and at other times unfavorable. I well remember when the news came that Gen. Granger's reserve corps was coming to assist us. We felt very much encouraged and felt like cheering with perhaps many others. During the day, the exact time I do not remember, the General with part of his staff (including myself) was riding down the line quite a distance when we met several generals, among them Major Gen. Thomas.

They halted and so did we. The generals immediately began talking very briskly, and seemed to be holding a council of war. I well remember Gen. Thomas. During their conversation I noticed by their manner that something was not going right in regard to the battle, as Gen. Thomas shook his head several times in a way that indicated trouble. After the generals finished their talk they rode away to their respective commands.



John M. Falconer

Palmer, Shutt, Drennan & Lester;
Attorneys & Counselors at Law
Springfield, Illinois.

John M. Palmer.
William E. Shutt.
John L. Drennan.
Andrew J. Lester.

Sept. 16, 1896.

Henry H. Eby:-

Mandotta, Illinois.

My dear Eby:-

Am obliged to you for your letter of the 11th inst.
and for the clip you furnished me containing the names of the
old comrades who were present at the Re-union and who answered
the roll call. I trust you tendered all who assembled my kindest
est regards.

Yours truly,

John M. Palmer



Eastern Slope of Snodgrass Hill, Chickamauga.

General Thomas was a model of good and noble character, who solicited no praise for himself and was sparing of praise to others. He declined all the numerous gifts of houses, lands, money and bonds tendered him by his grateful countrymen. When he declined gifts offered to himself, he urged his proposed benefactors to provide out of their abundance for the wants of the widows and orphans of those who died for their country. General Thomas was one of the most resolute men. He did not possess the passionate gallantry that we have often seen displayed on fields of battle, but his sure-footed, reliable judgment did not allow him to fall into a mistake. The victories he won speak louder than words.

After returning to our division I saw a fine horse lying upon the ground dead with its head almost severed from the body. We were informed that it belonged to Gen. Cruft, who commanded a brigade in Palmer's division. The horse had been struck by a cannon shot.

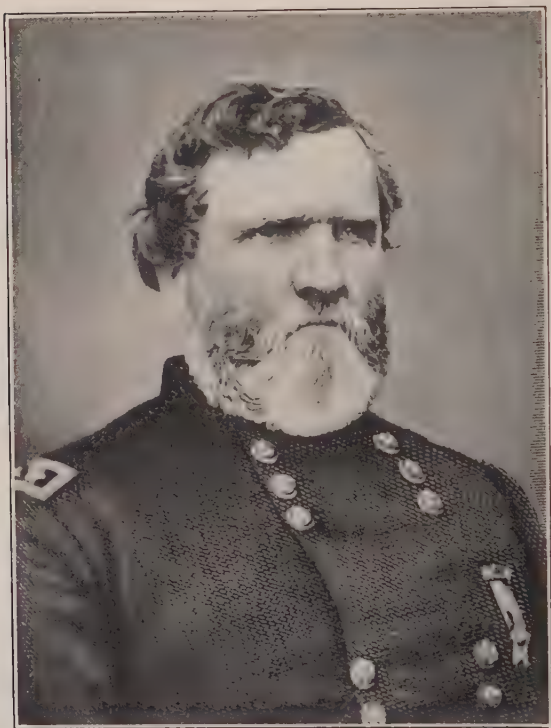
Late in the afternoon the heaviest firing seemed to be shifting toward that part of the line of battle adjacent to Snodgrass Hill, where the enemy was concentrating its best forces, trying hard to turn our right flank and get possession of the road leading to Chattanooga. They could thereby sever our communications



Snodgrass Hill, with Stable.

with the latter place and the North, and they came very near accomplishing their object. They attacked Gen. Thomas' line repeatedly and as often were repulsed with heavy loss, Gen. Thomas holding his position.

The battlefield of Chickamauga is now owned by the United States Government. Monuments have been erected marking the places where each command was stationed during the battle, and cannon are in position in the same places where the cannon of the opposing forces stood during the battle. The above illustration, made from a photograph taken by the author in 1906, represents a portion of Snodgrass Hill (which was occupied by Federal troops during Sept. 20, 1863), showing the old Snodgrass log stable partly fallen down, and also one large tree which was shot nearly to pieces by the Confederate artillery during the battle of Sept. 20, 1863. As can be seen in the illustration, the limbs of the large tree were nearly all cut off by the Confederate cannon shot. Their guns being located down in the valley they were obliged to elevate them when firing, and the tree being quite a distance back on the summit, as a consequence they could hit the tree only on its upper portion. The tree is dead and apparently has been since the battle, or at least has been for a number of years.



Portrait of Gen. Thomas.

The tree standing near the stable was alive when photographed, in 1906. Its top was entirely cut off during the battle, but it remained alive and formed a new top, as shown in the illustration. The Federal troops occupied Snodgrass Hill until the battle ended in the evening of Sept. 20, 1863.

The last desperate effort to dislodge Gen. Thomas' command was made by the Confederates just at night-fall, and they were repulsed with the usual result. They then ceased the combat and withdrew their forces. The road to Chattanooga remained in possession of the Federals. Gen. Thomas then also withdrew his troops from the battlefield to Rossville, several miles in the rear, where they remained until Sept. 22, when they leisurely marched into Chattanooga. Thus closed the fearful battle of Chickamauga. The enemy's loss according to reports was about 19,000 killed and wounded. The Federal loss was about 16,000. It is claimed by many that the great battle of Chickamauga was a victory for the Confederates, but I think differently. Chattanooga was the objective point in this campaign. The armies met ten or twelve miles south of the place, where a general engagement occurred for the possession of the city, in which the Confederate loss in men was greater than the Federal. The Confederates gained pos-

session of the battlefield, but ceased the combat before the Federal army vacated its last line of battle. The Federals took a new position several miles to the rear, near Rossville, which they occupied until Sept. 22 without being molested by the Confederates



Trading Between Lines.

during the 21st and 22nd, then took possession of Chattanooga and held it.

It was immaterial whether the fighting for the possession of Chattanooga occurred ten miles away, or within a mile or two of the city. The Federal army

accomplished its object at the battle of Chickamauga. The Confederates gained nothing that was of any benefit to them, but lost several thousand good soldiers in excess of the Federal loss.

This picture represents a scene which lives in many a veteran's memory. A truce to the murderous picket firing has been established, and the men have met to exchange the things they may have for others that they want more. The rebels bring tobacco, rebel newspapers, and sometimes corn-bread and fresh meat, but mainly tobacco. The Union soldiers bring coffee, hardtack, papers, knives, combs and similar articles, but mainly coffee. The rebels wanted many things which were plentiful enough in the Union camps, but they wanted coffee more than anything else. They and their "women folks" seemed half crazy for "Yankee coffee." They would swap anything except their muskets for it. A pound of Yankee coffee was the most acceptable present one of them could send back home to his mother or sweetheart. It was not often that one of them had the self-denial to do this. He wanted it too badly himself. From the way the Union soldier in the foreground is displaying his stock of coffee, he must be expecting to buy up everything the Confederates had in that section of the country.

The Historic Balm of Gilead

Johnson Farm, Waterloo, N. Y.



LEAVING his scythe hanging in this tree Wyman J. Johnson enlisted and was mustered into service at Elmira, N. Y., November 15, 1861; and became member of Company G, of the 85th N. Y. Volunteers. He served in 15 engagements; was promoted to Fourth Sergeant April 13, 1863; was wounded at New Burn, N. C., and died in the hospital, Raleigh, N. C., May 22, 1864.

The young sapling has now grown to be a massive tree, enveloping nearly all of the scythe, and becoming indeed, a living monument of the dead.

CHAPTER VIII.

My Capture by the Confederates.

I was made a prisoner of war at the close of the battle of Chickamauga, Ga., Sept. 20, 1863. Being a mounted orderly on Gen. Palmer's staff, my duties were to go where ordered, carrying messages from one part of the army to another. Gen. Palmer's division held its position during the last day of the battle, and just about the time that the battle closed, which was near the close of the day, it was withdrawn. A short time before its withdrawal Gen. Palmer and staff, including myself and two other members of Co. C, rode away from the line of battle across the Kelly field toward the woods beyond. But before reaching the woods we came to an old-fashioned rail fence, and just as the fence was reached a heavy artillery fire was opened upon us. As near as I could ascertain it came from the extreme left of our army, some distance north of the Kelly field, beyond a patch of open woods, where I saw the smoke roll up from some cannon about a quarter of a mile away. The shots struck nearly lengthwise of the fence, cutting and splintering the rails and throwing the pieces about us in

every direction, frightening our horses so that we were prevented from crossing the fence as soon as we desired.

I had no objection to rails but preferred to have them remain in the fence. The General and staff managed to cross the fence in advance just about the time that the battery opened fire upon us, and rode into the woods, where we lost sight of them. Two other comrades and myself were yet at the fence, trying to cross and follow the rest of the group, which was our duty to do. We finally succeeded, and also rode into the woods in search of the General but he had gained some distance on us and we failed to find him. We continued the search until, becoming somewhat discouraged and night closing in upon us, we stopped and held a council of war as it was called, trying to determine in which direction to go in order to find the General or his division, but we failed to agree. My proposition was to go in the direction where our division (Palmer's) was located during the day, thinking that we would find it and by this means also find the whereabouts of the General, I being unaware that the troops had been withdrawn from their position. My two comrades started off in a different direction from the one taken by myself, and reached the Union lines in safety. I went in the direction in



Crossing the Rail Fence on the Kelly Field.

which I expected to find Palmer's division, thinking that I would be all right. After riding through the woods a short distance I came to a deep ravine, and after passing down into it I found many wounded soldiers, who called to me asking for water, which I was unable to give them, as my canteen was empty, I having been without water nearly all day myself, and did not know where to find any. This was a trying time for me, as I heard these poor wounded comrades groaning and calling to me for help, which I was unable to give. I rode up the opposite bank of the ravine and some distance beyond. It had now become quite dark, and I soon arrived at the place where I expected to find Palmer's troops, and suddenly came to a long line of stacked guns, which could be seen by the aid of some small camp-fires beyond, and on approaching them saw some men between myself and the fire, near the guns. Some were standing, some sitting and others lying on the ground.

These I thought might belong to Palmer's division. Riding up close to them I asked one of the men the number of his regiment. He replied "The 16th Mississippi." He of course had not discovered that I was a Federal. I was a little doubtful in regard to these troops. Thinking that there might be some misunderstanding between us I rode down the line a short

distance and inquired again. The answer came "This is the 20th Louisiana." I was then satisfied that they were Confederate troops, but they had not yet identified me and perhaps thought that I was a Confederate. As the fires beyond the line of guns were not sufficient by which to distinguish my uniform, I still had hopes of reaching our lines in safety. I saw some small fires in different directions which apparently had just been started. As I subsequently learned I was now inside the main line of the Confederate army.

My opinion was that the Federal troops had withdrawn from their position during the evening and these Confederates had come in there and stacked arms. The next thing for me to do was to contrive some plan to make my escape from inside the enemy's lines. The first thing I thought of was to get away from these troops before some of them would identify me. I immediately rode away, perhaps fifteen or twenty rods, thinking that I might escape unnoticed. While riding through the woods without a friend except my faithful horse (that had done good service for Uncle Sam for two years), I thought of many things in a few seconds. A difficult task was before me (that of reaching the Union lines in safety). One great difficulty was that I did not know in which direction to go. It being nighttime I was unable to

see distinctly what was before me and my reader can imagine my predicament. As I proceeded on farther a voice near me called out "Halt!" which I obeyed.

I was able to see some object just ahead of my horse, but was unable to tell what it was. In a few seconds I discovered two men near my horse's head. One called out, "Surrender, here, get off your horse"; which I proceeded to do, as they had the muzzles of their guns uncomfortably close to my face. And now my goose was cooked.

I never obeyed orders more promptly, and did not stop to argue the case with them nor ask whether their guns were loaded. By the light of a few fires which had been started in the vicinity, these Confederates were enabled to identify me by my uniform, and I could also distinguish them as we were now so near together. The Confederates could see me more distinctly than I could them on account of my being on a horse and they on the ground. There was not the smallest chance to escape, as I now found myself surrounded by quite a number of the enemy, about ten to one. The two Confederates who captured me quarreled, each claiming my sabre and revolver. My sabre was one we had captured from a Confederate lieutenant at the battle of Stone River, and was a beauty.

Little did I care which one got them, I was a



My Capture.

prisoner of war under guard and obliged to comply with all orders, no matter what they were. I cannot describe the state of my mind just then, but guess I felt some like the boy, after getting a good whipping which he did not deserve, very despondent. In a few moments I was conducted under guard to some commissioned officer's headquarters for inspection. Before starting I took my pup tent from my saddle, hung it over my shoulder, and bade good-bye to my faithful horse, rubbing my hand down over her honest face as we parted. But now at our final separation came over me a more piercing sense of the loss of my honest four-footed friend, that was always so willing and ready to do her duty. We had endured together the perils of the battle, the scout, the outpost picket, and the skirmish; also the hardships of the march through mud and slush, the courier service, and many gripings of hunger which we had shared together. Now at last our paths separated, I was retired from actual service to become a prisoner, and she bore her new rider away to battle against her old friends. It was a sad parting.

We immediately started and marched some distance through the woods to the headquarters of an officer. I judged him to be a colonel or a brigadier general, who asked a number of questions and called me such

names as are not to be found in a dictionary, and caused me to think that he was not very polite in speech. One question I distinctly remember was, "What did you come down here for and what are you doing here?" I said, "To lick you folks into the Union." He replied, "That is a h——l of a way," and appeared as cross as a bear with a sore head. But I thought that he was excusable, because they had suffered severely along this part of their line which was in front of Palmer's, Reynolds', Baird's and Johnson's divisions. Judging by what I could see and hear during the evening after my capture, I was convinced that the Confederates were severely punished in front of our part of the army.

When this sauce-box had gotten through with me, I was conducted a short distance farther where five more of my comrades in misfortune were met, who had been captured during the day and were fellow prisoners with me. We were here allowed to rest but not to eat or drink, for good reasons. It was now between eight and nine o'clock in the evening of Sept. 20, and there was a little time for reflection. I felt a trifle hungry and very thirsty, having had neither dinner nor supper, and no water all day. The dust, smoke and heat, combined, made me feel as though I was about perishing. I turned my attention to my

haversack and found it as flat as a pancake, containing only a few crumbs of hardtack which remained after a scanty breakfast. After eating those, which amounted to nothing in satisfying my hunger, I felt even more hungry than before. We soon lay down to rest and sleep, and I realized that I was about worn out from the effects of the two days' battle. I slept but little, but thought more about what might be our fate in the near future. I probably felt like a criminal under death sentence on the night previous to execution, as we considered confinement in southern military prisons equivalent to a death sentence. I feared that I could send no letters to the folks at home, and if ever a person had the blues I had them that night of Sept. 20, 1863. Being made a prisoner of war was something that I had never thought to experience.

Early on the morning of Sept. 21 found us on the march to some point unknown to us, without anything to eat. About ten o'clock we were joined by 1,500 of our boys who had met with a similar fate, and were also on their way to some southern prison pen. About three o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at Ringgold, Ga., where a brief halt was made and the Confederates wrote a list of our names. When this was accomplished the march was resumed in a southeasterly direction until evening, when we halted and

camped for the night. On the morning of Sept. 22 we drew the first rations from "Uncle Jeff's" commissary, consisting of one pint of unsifted cornmeal for each man, which was our day's allowance, but was hardly sufficient for a half a meal. I think the Confederates were short of rations themselves and had none to spare for us. We had now fasted forty-eight hours, and a pint of cornmeal appeared rather small to subsist on for the next twenty-four hours. My cooking utensils consisted of one pint cup, and with it full of meal how was I to cook my mush? I took part of the meal out of the cup and put it in my haversack, mixed the balance with water, set it on the fire for a short time, and named it mush. But now another difficulty arose. How was I to eat the stuff without a spoon? Well, it has been said that necessity is the mother of invention, which was true in this case, as I combined a small stick with the mush, to assist me in licking it out of the cup, in dog fashion. I then cooked the balance of the meal and ate it also. After finishing our breakfast of mush, we were called up in line by the Confederate officers in charge, who searched us for firearms, but failed to find many, as there were but few in the crowd.

When the search was finished we resumed our journey, and walked until night, when Dalton, Ga.,

was reached, a small town on the Chattanooga and Atlanta Railroad, where we camped until the morning of Sept. 23. During the night rations were issued the second time by the Confederates, which consisted of about a pound of flour or dough to each man. I well remember that it tasted bitter, and appeared to me like flour that had been wet in the sack, and formed into chunks, which were mouldy and bitter. Something had to be done with the stuff, to fix it up in some way that could be masticated, because I had eaten nothing except a pint of very inferior mush during sixty-eight hours, and to tell the truth I was beginning to feel a trifle hungry. I built a fire, and determined to try and bake my lump of flour, which was performed in a way. We were camped in the woods where some large trees had been chopped, and there we found some clean chips. I took one of them, pasted my ration of flour upon it, and set it near the fire to bake, at an angle of about forty-five degrees. When I considered it baked I took it off the chip and found it baked only a little on the surface, and that it had not "raised" a bit. Some of the boys declared that the "raising" had been put in upside down. It was about as tough as a piece of rubber. I attempted to eat some of it but it was hard work and it seemed to stretch and contract alternately. The more I chewed the stuff

the bigger and tougher it seemed to get, and it did not want to go down. I viewed it and it appeared very sad, but my condition was much sadder. It was a very serious affair indeed. I thought of lockjaw, and many other misfortunes that might befall me in my attempts to swallow some of the rubbery bread-stuff. It was swallow or starve. It is natural for a person to think of remedies in a strenuous case like this. I thought if the stuff did unfortunately stick fast in my throat we might apply the leather whip-stock remedy, which I remembered was applied to a cow when choked with a turnip. A dog would have turned up his nose at the offer of some of the above-mentioned bread.

It was now sunrise, Sept. 23, and we received orders to get on board the cars, which were promptly obeyed. They were ordinary freight cars, but we were thankful to ride on any kind of a car. The train moved southward and we arrived at Atlanta, Ga., in the evening of the same day, and were transferred to a pen inclosed by a high, tight, board fence, where we remained until Sept. 25, when orders were again received to get on the cars. They were common freight or box cars, and they packed us in almost as thick as sardines in a box. This was the worst experience that I ever had in railroad traveling. We were obliged to

stand up or sit on the floor, and fold up like a jack-knife with our hands clasped around our knees to keep our backs from breaking, and we suffered all the tortures imaginable. I felt as if every joint in my body was coming apart. It was about as severe as being fastened in the stocks. We were eight days on this journey by rail from Dalton to Richmond, Va., but lay over in Atlanta one day and two nights, and were unloaded two different nights after leaving Atlanta, in order to allow us to straighten our weary limbs and sleep. But the other three nights we spent on the cars, in torment. It was hard to endure, but I suppose it was as well as the Confederacy could do for us.

As I stated before, we were ordered to get on board of the cars at Atlanta, Ga., Sept. 25, when we started on our journey toward Augusta, Ga., located on the banks of the Savannah River, which was reached the following evening. We were here unloaded and transferred to a churchyard to rest during the night, which was found to be a very pleasant resting place. We had drawn rations at Atlanta, which consisted of about a pound and one-half of hardtack and a small quantity of bacon. Two and one-half pounds of hardtack and bacon for each man to subsist on for six days were small rations. From Augusta we went by rail into

South Carolina, running down within about twenty miles of the city of Charleston to a small place named Branchville.

On our way we passed through some swampy country. The train stopped at a place where a large ricefield extended close to the track. The rice was out in head and I was anxious to get some of it, so the guards permitted me to get off the car and procure a few heads.

I now discovered Captain Muhleman, of Gen. Palmer's staff, on the train, he being also a prisoner of war, captured about the same time that I was taken. I was surprised to see him, not knowing previously that he had been taken prisoner. I talked with him, and he appeared to be very much discouraged in regard to our condition. At Branchville we turned north, and soon arrived at Columbia, S. C. (the capital of the State), where the train halted for a short time, but we were soon on our way again northward, passing through some country which appeared to me extremely poor. The soil had the appearance of red chalk, and here I heard a good many remarks made by the men about the country. One said, "The ground is so poor that they could raise nothing but a rebellion and trouble and would be obliged to fertilize it before it would make brick."

I was of the opinion that birds flying over that country would be obliged to carry haversacks, because they could find nothing there to subsist on, and that the hogs we saw in the woods were so thin that two of them were required to make a shadow. Many other similar remarks were made by the boys. We passed on northward, finally reaching the borders of North Carolina, the land of tar, pitch and turpentine. Passing on, most of the country was found to be heavily timbered, but of course we saw only a portion of it, as some of our journey was made after night.

Our next stopping place of importance was Charlotte, N. C., where we arrived Sept. 27, left the cars, and camped for the night in a nice, grassy field. I rested well here. We began thinking about our rations, which were getting low, and I proceeded to eat some of mine, and relished them after fasting for some time. While eating some of the bacon a peculiar flavor was noticeable, and I remarked to one of my comrades that I thought the bacon had a peculiar taste, and he said it tasted of the Southern Confederacy. We arose in the morning feeling quite refreshed, and after eating a light breakfast were again put on board the train and started eastward, arriving at Raleigh, the capital of the State, some time during the day. The train stopped here for a short time, but

soon moved on through the city northward, toward Virginia, nothing of importance transpiring on the way.

The next place of importance was Petersburg, Va., where the train halted quite a long time. We were now not far from Richmond, Va. After all was ready the train moved on toward Richmond and Belle Isle, where we arrived Sept. 30, 1863. Between Augusta and Richmond we spent three nights in the cars, which almost tormented the life out of us.

I had now been a prisoner of war ten days, and began to feel the effects of it seriously, as during the journey from Atlanta to Belle Isle, which was a period of six days, we had only a pound and a half of hardtack and a small piece of bacon to subsist on. I have not forgotten how carefully those scanty rations were guarded by me. I prized them as highly as I would the same weight in gold, and perhaps they were of more value to me than gold, for my life depended upon the little morsel. Economy was practiced by me to the utmost degree as I ate only a very small quantity at a time. Whenever hunger pinched me hard, I could not keep my hand out of the haversack. It seemed as though the little morsel was magnetized. I would take a few bites of my bacon and hardtack (the bacon I was obliged to eat raw as I had no way

of cooking it), and after eating just enough to aggravate me, would be obliged to stop or have none left for the following two or three days.

During our journey from Atlanta to Belle Isle we saw many curious crowds, that collected at the stations where our train halted. They came to see the "Yanks," and would ask some funny questions in regard to the war. Some would ask, "What did you-all come down heah to fight we-uns for?" "You-all were captured this time"; and many other curious questions, too numerous to mention.

CHAPTER IX.

Entrance into Belle Island Prison Pen.

On Sept. 30, 1863, we arrived on Belle Island, which is located in the James River, in front and a little above Richmond, Va., then the capital of the Southern Confederacy. The train stopped on the south side of the river and we were ordered to alight and were conducted down to the bridge and across it to the island. The Confederate iron works were located on the island, near the bridge, it was now getting dark and as we passed them they seemed to be all aglow from the light of the fires within, and one of the boys remarked in a joking way: "Here are the iron works, and the next place will be worse." I guess the prison pen on the island, into which we were placed a few moments later, about filled the bill.

We soon arrived at the place where we were to be confined, and found it to consist of several acres of ground, surrounded by a ditch about two feet deep and three feet wide, with the soil thrown up on the outside, which formed the dead-line. Outside of this the guards paced back and forth. Any person step-

ping upon this line would be shot down without a moment's warning. There were 7,000 or 8,000 prisoners confined on this small area of ground. Nearly one-half of them were without any shelter whatever, and many had no blankets or overcoats.

We arrived at our new quarters in the evening, and after partaking of a scanty meal looked about for a spot large enough to lie down upon to sleep. I found a place that reminded me of the garden beds we used to make at home, it being slightly raised, with a path around it. Probably this had been made by some of the prisoners, to keep the water off in case of heavy rains. We now made preparations to retire, which were very simple. As many as could crowd upon this small space of ground lay down, in spoon fashion; that is, all lying with our faces turned in the same direction, and fitted together as one would spoons in packing them away, in order to have sufficient room and keep as warm as possible. We had nothing under us except the cold, bare earth, and nothing over us except a pup tent (a piece of muslin six feet square) and the blue sky, which was rather light covering. We had advantages on the island in some respects that we did not possess at home, we were not obliged to open the windows to air our beds. My outfit of clothing consisted of shirt, pants, cavalry jacket, boots

and hat. I used my hat in place of a nightcap, to keep my head from coming in contact with the ground. I generally felt quite chilly during the night, and did not sleep soundly. Got up in the morning and found that the surroundings looked very discouraging. Did not see a soul that I knew, but saw many prisoners, some of whom had been confined here for months. These appeared ragged, dirty, and discouraged to the last degree. Rations were very small, and we were hungry continually, but had plenty of river water to drink. From Belle Isle a fairly good view of the city of Richmond was had. We could plainly see a building in which Jefferson Davis, the president of the Southern Confederacy, resided, and also some of the large brick buildings in which were confined many Union soldiers. The famous Libby Prison, in which was a large number of Federal officers, stood very close to the James River, in plain view from the island.

I remained here six days, and was then transferred to the city of Richmond. On arriving there I, in company with other prisoners, entered Libby Prison through the wide door at the northwest corner of the building.

We were introduced into Libby for the purpose of being searched, were formed into line, and then the search commenced. It was bossed by a man named



Libby Prison, West Side.

Dick Turner. We were closely searched, and everything of value taken from us and confiscated. I possessed but very little property at that time. A two dollar greenback and a one dollar Confederate bill was all the money in my possession. I had also an old dilapidated pocketbook, but it was of no value and therefore was not confiscated. My two dollar greenback they were unable to find. I bought bread with it later on. Bread sold at enormous prices, and a man could easily eat in one day what he could buy for a dollar greenback.

From Libby we were transferred to and confined in a large four-story brick building, called the Smith Prison. It had formerly been used as a tobacco factory, but was now a prison for Federal soldiers. I



Libby Prison, Northeast.

was confined on the third floor, with about three hundred other prisoners. This was a large room, but after lying down at night the floor was about covered with men. There was scarcely room enough for a person to walk through between the rows of men. Here we were well sheltered, but suffered another extreme, being nearly suffocated on account of not having proper ventilation; not even being allowed to open a window wide enough to admit sufficient fresh air to supply the number of prisoners within.

One day while I was standing near a window, two of my comrades stepped upon the window sill and pulled the window slightly down, to admit some fresh air; when immediately a shot was fired by the guard

outside. The ball passed through the window at an angle of about thirty degrees, fortunately missed the boys who opened the window, but passed up through the floor above us, which also contained a large number of prisoners, and unfortunately the ball passed through one of them, severely wounding him. He was carried downstairs, passing through our room, and outside, I suppose to some hospital.

There were about three hundred of us confined within this room, for a term of about two months, and during all that time we were hardly allowed to draw a breath of fresh air. What I mean by this is, air that was not contaminated by the foul air of the prison. This and starvation, together, weakened us to an alarming degree. Our rations were issued once a day, and we generally devoured them at one meal, and still felt hungry. It was really just enough to make one meal a day. The order to draw rations generally came in the following manner. The Confederate orderly would enter the room and cry out: "Sargin ob de floor, four men and four blankets." This announcement in the southern dialect soon became a proverb among the boys. The "sargin ob de floor" would then detail four men and four blankets (blankets were a scarce article but generally enough were found to carry the rations) to carry the rations to our room.

They would hasten down the stairs, and then those left behind anxiously crowded around the windows, pale, hungry, and each one eager to catch the first glimpse of the returning four men and four blankets with the morsel of bread, and soup (the soup being carried in buckets). This was composed of small beans, some being black and others red, and nearly every one was hollow and contained several black bugs enclosed, with hard shells. When the beans were boiled the bugs separated from them, and became mixed all through the soup, and while eating it we were obliged to grind the bugs between our teeth, which made me think of chewing parched corn or grinding coffee. The ingredients of the soup except the beans and bugs were unknown to us. Some declared that there was mule meat in it, judging from the bones found in the soup. I was almost famished for a meat diet, but did not care to have it in bug form. The bread rations consisted of brown bread, which tasted good to me, but we could not tell of what it was composed. The quantity was so small that it failed to satisfy our hunger. Part of the time while in this building we received corn-bread instead of the brown bread, and occasionally a small piece of meat, the quantity being too small to be mentioned. The soup was named by some of the men "bug soup," and it

was a very appropriate name, as the bugs seemed to make the biggest show.

Our beds consisted of the bare floor. For covering I had my indispensable pup tent. We remained in this building during the months of October and November, and during that time there was no fire in the room, but any quantity of foul air, which at times was so terrible that I believe it was poison to us. The closet was located at or in one corner of the room. It was nothing more than a space about six or eight feet in length and several feet wide, and extended down to the basement to the depth of twenty or twenty-five feet. It was enclosed on three sides, and the side which opened into our room or prison had no door. It remained open all the time that we were confined in this place. I do not know whether there was sufficient water at the bottom of the closet to carry away all the refuse or not, but by what we saw I think not. The condition of the atmosphere was simply horrible beyond description. At times it seemed as if we would certainly suffocate. In this condition about three hundred of us lived, slept, and dined, for a period of about two months in the room just mentioned. We usually became quite chilly during the night, while lying on the cold floor. Our clothing was thin, as we were captured during warm

weather and therefore were not prepared for winter.

While in the Smith Prison I formed an acquaintance with a number of the boys, with whom many good talks were enjoyed about our homes and friends so far away, and those we had left several years before, perhaps never to see again. My most intimate friend while there was a "Doc." Davis who belonged I think to the 55th Indiana Infantry. Davis and I bunked together, as we called it. Each possessed a pup tent, which we doubled for a covering at night. Davis was not feeling well here. He would arise in the morning, sometimes groaning with pain, caused by lying on the cold, hard floor all night. He died soon after his return from prison.

I also formed acquaintance with a man named Scott, and another named Seaman, both members of the 21st Wisconsin, and very fine boys they were. Both of them died in prison. We nightly dreamed of getting something good to eat, for this idea was uppermost in our minds, and we were constantly reminded of it by the gnawing hunger endured. Many times I dreamed of being at home and eating of the luxuries to be found there. Oh, what a disappointment on awaking from such happy dreams, to find myself in such a wretched condition as we were. Many of the men soon became weak and disabled, from the

poisonous atmosphere created by the breathing of the several hundred men confined here, and the horrid stench from the closet. The starvation and feeling of utter despair to which they gave way was also a factor. They became so emaciated that many were unable to stand up during roll call. This was usually called once a day by a spry little man named Ross. The boys named him "Jack of Clubs." I well remember his countenance. Whenever he came in to call the roll, and any of the boys did not get up quick enough to suit him, he would go to them and abuse them in a brutal manner. Those who were sick and unable to rise he frequently left for days and weeks before reporting to the hospital. He always came in accompanied by a large man, carrying an old musket barrel in his hand. Three or four guards also accompanied him. The man with the musket barrel generally helped to get the boys in line by cuffing them. Roll call took place early in the day, after which we would begin "skirmishing for graybacks" (as we called it) of which we all had a good supply.

This occupation helped us to pass away some of the long, tedious hours of our confinement. Some perhaps do not understand what is meant by the word "grayback," which I will now explain. A grayback is a small, carnivorous insect—or plainly speaking a

louse—which infests the inner garments of a person who is unable to change his clothing frequently, which was the case with us in the prisons. In fact we never changed our garments while in prison. It was not stylish to do so, and if it had been we could not, as



Skirmishing for Graybacks.

we possessed only what we had on our backs and they changed themselves. Some were obliged to wear their shirts until they literally wore off, or were kicked to pieces by the graybacks and fell from their backs. I will now explain what is meant by skirmishing. It

was taking off our shirts, turning them inside out, and carefully searching for and killing the graybacks, which were sometimes very numerous, and tormented us in such a way at night that we were scarcely able to sleep.

The mode of killing these graybacks was as follows: As stated before, the garment was turned inside out, and then the game was soon found, overtaken and slain. Our weapons consisted of our thumb nails. The hands were placed near each other in about the position that a person would hold them when knitting with knitting needles, with the upper part of the thumb nails nearly touching. When in operation the movement of the hands was about the same as it would be when knitting. This work might properly have been called "knitting," because nits were more numerous than graybacks. In the work mentioned above the results depended upon the amount of labor performed; the faster we worked the more we accomplished. These pests had become so numerous that it was all a well man could do to keep them within a reasonable limit. These miserable tormenters were always hungry like ourselves, because they had poor pasture feeding on our bodies. Sometimes when things in prison were reasonably quiet many of those insects would venture out on the

vacant spaces of the floor, and it was amusing to us boys to watch their maneuvers. A number of us would sometimes be sitting in a row on the floor, with our backs to the wall, and suddenly our attention would be turned to a number of these pests in groups about the floor. Of course the boys would make remarks about their performance. Some would say: "Hello, the graybacks are going on dress parade." Others declared they were foraging parties, looking for provisions, and would call out: "Look out, boys, they are looking you fellows over to find out which one of you has any meat left on him, and then they will go for you." Those men who were weak and helpless were nearly eaten alive by these millions of parasites. It did not seem unreasonable when one of the men declared that he had seen a dead man with quarts of graybacks upon him. No doubt but that the days of these poor sick boys were materially shortened by these insects.

I used my boots for a pillow at night, while trying to sleep, by placing them together in a way that would locate the most congenial part of the boots next to and in contact with my head. I found a contrast between my pillow and one composed of good goose feathers, but the boot pillow was a decided improvement over the hard floor, and it was also the best that could be

done under the circumstances, as we could get no rubbish of any kind to place under our heads, and I did not dare to take off my jacket to use as a pillow, or I would have chilled. The boot pillow was a severe test on the phrenological organs of the head. Some of my comrades feared that we might receive fatal injuries from the effects of our hard pillows, and others allowed that it would improve our fighting qualities by an enlargement of that organ. I was not the only one who endured the pangs of a hard pillow. Nearly or quite all suffered the same, in common. There was no partiality shown in this; the hardships were as free as water for all, and the hard pillow was not the only torture, when we tried to sleep in the Smith Prison. As I stated before, our clothing was thin, and what meat was left on us also thin. And when lying on the hard floor at night, trying to sleep, it seemed as if our bones were determined to punch holes through our grayback-eaten hides. Some thought if we ever got out of prison Uncle Sam would be obliged to patch us up, like a person would patch an old torn garment.

My opinion was that there would be but very few of us left that would be worth patching after the Southern Confederacy was through with us, and I think now that I was correct. No person can compre-

hend the extent of the intense suffering endured by the men in prison except those who were confined in them. We suffered a dozen things at the same time, that made us miserable. They occur to me as follows: Starvation, cold, bad ventilation, tormented by graybacks, filthy clothing, no opportunity for bathing, bad sanitation, close confinement, food of poor quality, soreness caused by sleeping on the bare floor, the sight of so much misery all about us, and the thought of being domineered over by a cruel keeper. I had the pleasure (?) of enjoying (?) with hundreds of other comrades all the hardships just mentioned, which was a great combination of torments and as I thought a severe dose.

Trading with the guards became an extensive business considering the amount of capital invested. Capital with us was very small, on account of our having been closely searched by the Confederates before entering prison. All money and valuables that could be found on our persons were confiscated, but they were unable to find all the greenbacks that the boys had hidden in their clothing in various ways.

When starvation began to take effect they used this money to purchase bread from the guards, at enormous prices. Some of the guards were very clever fellows, and would do favors for us when the

officers were not about. Sometimes they furnished us with the Richmond papers, which was against the orders of the Confederacy. Thereby we were enabled to get a little of the outside news.

Sometime in November we received some rations from Uncle Sam, which were sent through the Confederate lines to us. This partly supplied us for about a week, after which we received no more during our imprisonment. Some days later I read an order in a Richmond paper as follows: "No more rations or clothing shall be allowed to come through the Confederate lines to prisoners of war in our possession." Signed by those in authority in the Confederate government. They claimed that it was a disgrace for them to allow our government to feed us. The famous Confederate commander of cavalry, John Morgan, came into our prison one day in November. He seemed to be looking for some person or persons, as he passed through the room, but I never heard whether he found the one he was searching for. I well remember his looking us over very closely.

An Ohio boy, whose name I cannot recall, did some trading with the guards with the intention of procuring a Confederate uniform. The place where the trading was usually done was at the foot of the lower stairway, where a door opened into a reception room, which

also had a door opening into the street or on to the sidewalk. A guard was stationed at the foot of the stairway, and another at the door which opened from this room into the street. This constituted a double guard.

A number of Confederates who were not on duty would enter this room, bringing with them some articles of food, and any prisoner who was fortunate enough to have some greenbacks could purchase, at enormous prices. This Ohio boy, mentioned, first traded for a Confederate cap, next a coat, and third, a pair of pants which were of the grey Confederate uniform. He did not procure them all the same day. He brought them upstairs into our room and took off his blue suit and put on the grey. He then walked down the stairway and commenced trading with the Confederates who were standing about the room. While they were busy trading he passed the inner guard and into the reception room unnoticed, and then walked leisurely about the room, talking to the Confederates, not being particularly noticed by them, and finally walked past the outer guard into the street. The guards no doubt supposed him to be one of their own men on account of his being dressed in a grey uniform. He walked leisurely up the street to a bakery, where he purchased some bread, and then retraced his steps, walking back

past our prison, which was the last time we saw him. Some time later we learned that he had made his escape to the Union lines. He certainly was a shrewd boy.

CHAPTER X.

Our Transfer to Danville—Many Sick with Smallpox— Smallpox Hospital, and Convalescent Camp.

On the morning of Dec. 9, 1863, the order came for us to go to Danville, Va., located on the North Carolina line a distance from Richmond of about 150 miles in a southwesterly direction. We started before daylight in the morning, going by rail. I remember my surprise as we marched out into the street. My limbs were very weak, and some pain in my knee joints and other parts of the body caused me to stagger a little as I walked. We were escorted to the railroad station and crowded into freight cars, and arrived at Danville in the evening of the same day. We were then unloaded and confined in a building similar to the one we had left, received nearly the same kind of food, and enjoyed about such privileges as we did in Richmond, being continually hungry, filthy, crowded and chilly, and also irritated by the industrious graybacks, which seemed determined to keep us company without being invited, and which caused the most of us to be rather ill-natured.

The smallpox made its appearance here about Dec. 13, but I was not aware of it until about eight days later, when I became very sick, and was lying upon the cold,

bare floor for a number of days without any attention whatever. On Dec. 24 a doctor came in, looked me over, and informed me that I had smallpox, but I was feeling so very sick that this information did not make much impression on me. I did not seem to care what I had or what became of me. Late in the afternoon they came with a two-wheeled dray, upon which I was loaded and hauled about a mile to the smallpox hospital, while the wind was blowing almost a gale from the northwest, and cold for that locality. On arriving at the hospital, about sunset, I found it to be quite a comfortable place compared to where I had been staying. It contained cots for the sick such as we used in our own hospitals. I was placed upon one of these, and on either side of me were those who appeared very sick. The one on my right died the first night I was there.

This being Christmas eve, my thoughts were of course of home, and the happy times we always enjoyed on such occasions. I felt very gloomy when realizing my condition and the place in which I was confined, hardly possessing the necessities of life, and being a prisoner of war, sick and in the hands of an enemy. This Christmas eve seemed very long and tedious. The pustules were then beginning to break out on me and my head seemed to me as large as a

bushel basket. There were no pit marks left upon me from the effects of the smallpox, as I had previously been dieted, by the kindness of the Southern Confederacy, which was expert at dieting its prisoners of war.

The days and nights wore slowly away, and in a few days I began to feel better and was able to watch the proceedings about me in the hospital. Some new patients were being brought in continually, while others died and were carried out to the dead-house. This was a log house near by, where the dead were stored until ready for burial, and was generally well occupied, as many died and were buried here.

I had now been here a number of days, and to my surprise, one day Doc. Davis, who was my chum in Richmond, came into the ward in which I was confined, and told me that he had been detailed to be hospital steward of the smallpox hospital. The news of Doc. Davis' presence cheered me up wonderfully. Of course he did all he could for us sick boys. The weather for this latitude was extremely cold during the latter part of 1863 and the beginning of 1864, but of course not as severe as in the northern States. Yet we suffered greatly on account of not being well prepared for it. About two weeks had been spent by me in the hospital, and my health was greatly improved. The authorities were talking of putting us in the con-

valescent camp, which they did about the second week in January.

This camp was very well located, and was composed of tents, having chimneys made of mud and sticks, with a fireplace. We were quite comfortably housed, and were allowed to have wood for fire if we chopped it, and those who were able did so. Three of us convalescents were quartered in one small tent. Here I became acquainted with my tentmates, William Herick, of Co. F, 30th Indiana, and Calvin W. Hudson, of Co. D, 65th Ohio. We soon became quite intimate, and had many friendly chats together about home and friends, and laying plans for our escape from prison. We had bunks fixed up, made of boards, so that our beds were not on the ground. We had now secured woolen blankets from Uncle Sam, and had one apiece.

This camp was guarded by North Carolina troops. Their guard line, on which the guards paced to and fro, was about ten or fifteen feet from our row of tents. The cookhouse was located in the southeast corner of the camp, in which the rations were cooked for the sick and convalescent. By this time our appetites had become the largest part of us. It seemed to me that I could eat anything, from a dog to a saw-horse, which was an indication that my health was improving.

One day when outside our tent near the cookhouse window, I discovered some turnip and potato parings lying on the ground, which had been thrown out of the cookhouse window. I gathered them up, and while doing so also discovered an old beef bone, which I picked up, and put the bone parings and some water together in an old tin can. I placed it over the fire and allowed the morsel to boil for quite a long time. This formed a sort of soup, with a little grease from the bone floating on the top. I stirred it well, and as soon as it was cool enough ate it with great relish, thinking it the best soup that I had ever tasted. I was extremely hungry, and could hardly refrain from tasting it while stirring. I probably acted like some little child would when there is a prospect for something good to eat. I ate the soup and eagerly wished for more, and would have given a small fortune (had I possessed one) for some more of the same kind. No man can realize what a torture it is to be starving, unless he has had the experience.

The days wore slowly away, and one day Doc. Davis came to our tent and surprised me by saying: "Eby, there has been a small box received in camp, addressed to H. H. Eby, Co. C, 7th Illinois Cavalry." I was so elated over the news that I could hardly be restrained, and of course immediately set about to procure my

box, which contained a loaf of bread, some crackers, a small quantity of cheese, a few onions, a small piece of pork, butter, pepper and salt. If I remember rightly the box was brought to me by Doc. Davis. It was sent by my brother Moses, who at that time lived near Mendota, Ill. He died at Freeport, Ill., July 10, 1909. My receiving this box was a mere accident, as thousands of them were sent to others which never reached their destination. For a day or two my two comrades in my tent and myself had quite a feast from the contents of this box. Oh, what a luxury it was, as since our confinement we had had very little food that was palatable.

We now began thinking seriously about making our escape from prison to our lines, because the food in the box would furnish us with a few days' provisions to start with. William Herrick, of Co. F, 30th Indiana, concluded to start with me. Hudson was too sick to make the journey with us. Each of us possessed a haversack, which we filled with some of the eatables from the box, and now our commissary stores were ready for the journey. What eatables were left in the box were given to Hudson, who remained in camp. A day or two previous to our departure Doc. Davis came to our tent, and wanted to know if I would divide some provisions with him, as he was going to

attempt his escape that night, and I replied in the affirmative. He returned to his tent, and we learned the next day that he had made his escape. I never saw him afterward, but heard after I returned to our lines that he finally reached the Union lines in safety. Poor fellow, he was not well, and had a hard time getting through to his regiment, and lived only a short time afterward. I sincerely hope that he is receiving his well-earned reward. The second night after Davis escaped, Herrick and I passed the guard line and succeeded as far as getting out of the clutches of the guards.

CHAPTER XI.

About eight or nine o'clock in the evening of Jan. 22, 1864, our light was extinguished, and Herrick and I each put on a haversack, well filled, and bade farewell to Hudson, who was yet sick. Now came the critical moment, as the guard line must be passed without being detected. Near our tent was a depression in the ground, crossing the guard line. We selected this place through which to make our escape.

The forward movement was now about to begin. We left the tent, and crawled down through the depression across the line without being discovered by the guards. It seems that good luck favored us, as the guards were passed without being disturbed. We walked quietly down the gully which farther on merged into quite a ravine. This was followed on down by us as hastily as we could, a distance of eighty or one hundred rods in a southerly direction, where a high rail fence was reached. Here a brief rest was enjoyed, as we were nearly exhausted. Our being weakened by sickness, and the excitement of passing the guards had some effect upon us, and we were in a very poor condition for the perilous journey. I put my arms over the top

rail of the fence and hung on it, to support myself and rest. This attempt of making our escape was, as we discussed later on, a foolish undertaking when in such a debilitated condition, as we were to start out through an enemy's country in the winter season. But the love of liberty was strong within us, and we thought it better to perish in trying to escape than to die in the filthy prison pens.

The evening of Jan. 22, 1864, I shall never forget. To our best knowledge in regard to the location of things we were now over one hundred miles from any Union troops. This distance was through an enemy's country, full of rivers and small streams which we were obliged to cross, as well as hills, mountains and many other obstacles which must be encountered and overcome. This had to be accomplished mostly at night, for fear of being seen and recaptured by the Confederates. After being rested somewhat, we left the fence and started in a westerly direction, finally turning to the northwest, in which direction the Union lines were located.

We journeyed on slowly during a part of the first night, through the woods and brush, over rocks and ravines, crossing small streams of water by placing sticks across to walk upon, making slow progress until two or three o'clock in the morning. We then began

looking about for a place to conceal ourselves during the following day, and also to rest and sleep. While passing through a grove we came upon a large white oak tree, which had been cut down during the summer or fall while the leaves were on its branches, and on that account the leaves were still remaining. This made a good comfortable hiding place for us during the following day, as the leaves were very dense. We concluded this would be as good a place as could probably be found, to conceal ourselves. By crawling under the tree and gathering some leaves a bed was prepared, placing them under us, and Herrick spread his blanket out upon the leaves. We took off our haversacks, which contained our supply of provisions for several days, and lay down upon our bed, using my blanket for a covering. After lying down we found ourselves extremely tired from our night's journey of eight or ten miles. I remember being very uncomfortable after retiring, as it was a cold night and we were chilly. After becoming a little more comfortable we fell into a sound slumber. On awakening the next day hunger appeared, and we began partaking of the contents of our haversacks. After eating our breakfast we felt much revived from our fatigue, and contented ourselves during the day by talking over the prospects ahead of us and also the dangers that

were awaiting us by being overtaken by the prison guards, as we were now only about eight or ten miles from prison.

As near as could be ascertained we were now in the vicinity of the line between North Carolina and Virginia, probably in North Carolina, as Danville prison was about on the line. I knew that we were at least as far south. Another fear now came over us, that the Confederates would put some of their bloodhounds on our trail; so we remained in the tree top the greater part of the day, and about sunset rolled up our blankets and prepared to move.

We ate our suppers and began to look about to see what was ahead of us, and as soon as it was thought safe resumed our journey for the night; this being the evening of Jan. 23. As soon as the stars could be distinguished we looked them over and by them were guided. Our aim was to go in a northwesterly direction, but when the Dan River was reached were obliged to go directly west, and in this direction we journeyed until sometime during the night when a cedar thicket was passed on the south bank of the river. The Dan River was found to be quite a wide stream, and the problem now was how to cross it. We followed along the bank of the stream during the night until we were very tired, failing to find a way to cross it, and then looked about

for a hiding place in which to conceal ourselves the following day.

As we passed along we found the bank of the river to be mostly covered with cedar thickets, in which we made our hiding and sleeping place for the latter part of the night and during the next day. We crawled into a large bunch of cedar brush, and prepared our sleeping place similar to the night previous, went to bed and slept until sometime the following day. On awaking we found the sun shining brightly. This was Sunday morning, Jan. 24, and I must confess that I felt homesick. After eating breakfast we made preparations to find a place for crossing the river. We were unable during the night to find a crossing. There being no houses in this immediate vicinity that could be discovered, and the country being heavily timbered, we considered it safe to some extent to travel during the day, which we did, in order to enable us to find some means of crossing the river. We continued walking westward along the south bank of the stream for some distance, when open woods were entered and we discovered a man riding along in a buggy. I remember we made a number of remarks about him. Herrick made some which were rather comical, but we were very uncomfortable all this time, for fear we had been seen by the

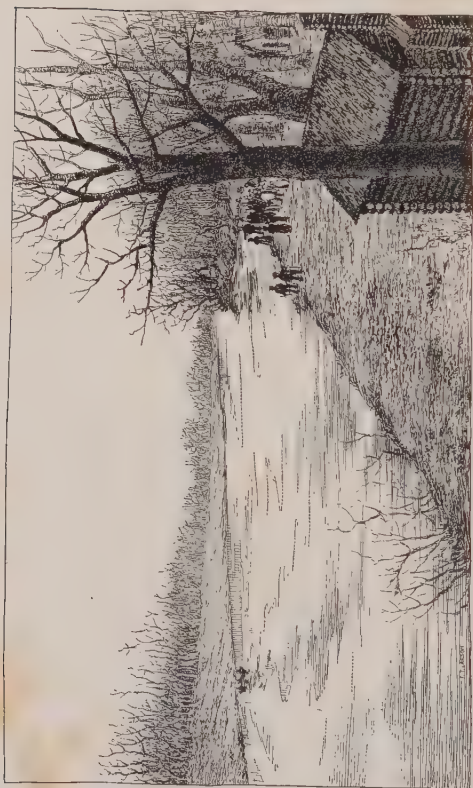
man in the buggy, and would be reported. We soon struck another cedar thicket, and also the river, passing along the bank still searching for some means by which to cross. So far we were unsuccessful, and by this time had become nearly discouraged on account of not finding a crossing.

It was now nearly the middle of the day, and we were still passing along the river, when suddenly we met a colored boy about ten or twelve years of age, and as they were generally our friends and we could trust them, we made known to him our wants. I asked him whether he could tell us where we could cross the river. He answered by saying: "Just a little ways down thar is a black man, with a canoe, playing with it in the river; maybe he will take you across." I thanked him, and we passed along in the direction indicated by the boy, and to our great joy saw the man in the canoe near the shore, and also saw a house not far away. On arriving at the spot I motioned to him to come to shore, which he did. I then asked him if he would take us across the river in his boat. He answered in the affirmative. I said to him, "I will pay you if you will hurry and take us across." All this time we felt very uneasy because we feared that we might be seen by some one who would report us to the Confederates and cause our capture. All the money

that I possessed was a Confederate dollar bill, which was worth about ten cents in U. S. money; having used my two dollar greenback to purchase bread. I drew it from my pocket, opened it out and presented it to the man, saying: "I will give you this if you will hurry and take us across the river." He took the money and said, "All right, jump in."

We got in the boat and he soon landed us on the north bank of the river in safety. Dan River where we crossed is about forty or fifty rods wide. As we were getting out of the boat and looking back across the river to the place where the boat was entered, we saw six or eight persons standing on the bank of the river, looking in our direction. This caused quite an excitement in our camp, and we immediately issued marching orders and started for the woods, which were a short distance away. After reaching the cover of the woods a council of war was held to decide what was best to do under the circumstances as things appeared to us rather perilous.

It was decided that we must have been seen by the group of people, who we thought might report us to the Confederate authorities. It was uncertain whether the persons we saw were black or white. Now that the woods had been reached we started on the run, in order that we might get as far away as possible in



Crossing Dan River.

a short time and find a safe place to secrete ourselves until night. We arrived at a deep ravine, where a small stream of water was discovered, which appeared to come from a spring, and we thought this a good hiding place. We sat down to rest, which was badly needed, as we were weak and exhausted, and proceeded to eat some of the luxuries from our haversacks. After eating we talked of the prospects before us, which were not very encouraging. We sat there on the cold, damp ground, not in a cheerful mood but the opposite, tired, unnerved, and in a deplorable condition. Late in the afternoon we began to look about us in order to ascertain the condition of the surrounding country before dark. About sunset we started out on our night's journey, in a northwesterly direction as near as we could tell, being guided by the stars when they were visible. We journeyed on over hills and dales, rocks, swamps and small streams, keeping as quiet as possible, speaking only in whispers, sometimes traveling in the road a short distance when it was thought safe to do so. Then again over fields, hills and the usual difficulties, being careful to avoid going near houses, which would arouse the dogs, which were quite numerous in that rough country. Sometimes we were very much discouraged, being in an enemy's country, in the dead of night, in the winter

season, weakened by sickness and nearly exhausted, stumbling over stones, rough ground and through brush and briars, not knowing what the next moment would bring forth. We might be attacked by a pack of dogs, and our whereabouts made known to the enemy, to be found in all parts of this country.

It was now nearing the time of night to begin to look about us for a place to secrete ourselves, for sleep and rest. This time, was as stated before, in the latter part of the night. We found a good place in a thicket in the woods, where we made our bed, retired as usual, and slept until sometime the following day, Jan. 25. After finding some water we made our toilets and proceeded to eat some breakfast, which was rather thin, as our commissary stores were getting low. We had just about enough in our haversacks for breakfast. This was the last of our provisions which I had received from my brother. After eating breakfast the remainder of the day was spent in resting, talking and planning for the following night. It was now necessary to contrive some plan to replenish our stock of provisions. Sometime before dark we started to spy out the country, cautiously moving along the edge of the woods, looking for slave cabins, as we were afraid to approach white people for fear of being captured. Just as darkness began to appear we saw in the edge

of a small field a one-story log cabin, which afterward proved to be a slave cabin. We stopped at the edge of the woods to investigate, after which Herrick said to me: "Eby, if you will go to the cabin I will stay here and hold the fort until you return." I started, feeling a little timid as it was not quite dark, and I feared discovery by some one who might be the cause of our being taken in.

When arriving at the cabin I was met at the door by an aged colored man. I told him who we were and that we would like to get something to eat; would like to procure enough to supply us for several days if convenient. He informed me that they had but very little cooked or baked as their family was small (only himself and wife) but if we would wait long enough they would bake a corn pone for us. I said, "All right, you will find us at the gate posts," and returned to my comrade at the edge of the woods where the gate posts mentioned were in position. But we did not remain there as I said we would, but hid in the brush a number of rods away for the purpose of deceiving him in case it would have been made known to the enemy that we were hid at the posts. We could easily have been found, but being hid in the brush we would have had a chance to escape. We waited several hours for the return of our colored man and finally heard the

footsteps of one person walking in the direction of the gate posts. The noise he made in walking over the dry leaves enabled us to tell whether there was one or more persons. When near the posts he stopped. We were then satisfied that it was our colored friend, bringing us something to eat. We made our whereabouts known to him and he soon came to us, bringing a good supply of food, consisting of one of the largest corn pones that I ever saw and a quantity of cooked meat. The nice large pone was yet warm and its odor was delicious to a hungry man. It appeared to me as large as a full moon. The pone and meat supplied us with food for several days. We were very grateful to our colored friend and thanked him over and over. He then returned to his cabin and we proceeded to refresh ourselves with some food. We broke our fine large corn pone, and ate our suppers from it, after which we felt much revived.

The next thing in order was to prepare for our night's march. We were obliged to break our corn pone in several pieces in order to get it in our haversacks. After packing up the remains of our victuals we started on our fourth night's trip, which was quite exciting. As usual we walked on in the darkness, feeling our way cautiously and quietly along, not speaking above a whisper for fear of being heard by

people or dogs who might get on our trail. As I stated before, we were guided by the stars when they were visible. Our aim was to travel in a northwest direction from the prison because we knew that the outpost pickets of the Union lines were located in that direction. We were now walking upon what appeared to be a wagon road and in a westerly direction.

This part of the country seemed to be a small valley, and was quite level. About eight or nine o'clock in the evening we saw a house ahead of us at some distance, on the left-hand side of the road. The night was not very dark so that we were able to see quite a distance. Before reaching it a small building was discovered, made of logs, on the right-hand side of the road, perhaps ten or fifteen rods from the house, and even with the road fence, having a door which opened into the road. As we afterward discovered, this proved to be a one-story, log horse-stable. When arriving within a short distance of it we saw a man enter the door with a lighted lantern in his hand. After he passed to the inner part of the stable we could see the light shining between the logs. I was of the opinion that the man with the lantern was a colored man, as he appeared so to me. I said, "Herrick, I am going to get some information from that darkey." We walked on, and arriving at the stable I stepped up into the

doorway and was suddenly surprised by seeing a white man, dressed in a Confederate uniform, going in between some horses to feed them, as it appeared to me. It immediately flashed through my mind that this was a quartet of Confederate cavalry, in search of escaping prisoners, who had put up there for the night. I asked no questions but quietly stepped out of the door, motioned to Herrick to come on, and we lit out for other parts as lively as we could. After going a safe distance from the stable we stopped and congratulated ourselves upon our narrow escape from being captured. It was supposed that we had not been seen by the man in the stable but we were not certain.

After quieting down to a normal condition, and deciding what course to pursue, our journey for freedom was resumed, going in the usual direction. We left the road again, as it was feared that we might be overtaken if remaining on it. Therefore we struck out for the woods and hills where we considered it more safe. Our progress was slow as I have stated before. The greater part of our journey was over a rough country, and we found it discouraging to travel.

We pressed forward through the woods and brush as rapidly as possible, which I guarantee was not at a high speed, until nearly tired out, when we were obliged to rest in order to be able to go on again. After

being rested sufficiently to be able to move on, we took fresh courage, thinking that we might as well perish in trying to make our way to the Union lines as to be recaptured and taken back to the prisons to die. We were hungry to see the good old Stars and Stripes once more, knowing that if the protection of "Old Glory" could be reached we would be all right. Therefore we risked much to gain its friendly cover. Wherever "Old Glory" floats in air people look for righteous protection, and therefore every citizen should assist in keeping it waving.

During the night we became partially lost in the dense woods, being bewildered in regard to the compass so we could not tell north from south. It seemed that Fate was against us. Herrick was not very well, and complained bitterly, which had a tendency to discourage me, but I tried to keep up my spirits, and trusted in a Higher Power. The woods were dense and dismal. Nothing could be heard but the barking of dogs in the distance and the whoo-whoos of some of those large hoot owls up in the tops of the tall trees, which made the night seem yet more hideous. As to the dogs we feared them, because they were liable to get on our trail.

When I heard the owls I was reminded of my boyhood days when I was only six years of age and we were living

in a timbered country where the woods were dense which gave almost the appearance of night in day time when I passed through and heard the doleful sound from those owls.

We could not tell which way to go on account of having lost the right course, but did not give up in despair, and concluding to camp for the night, made our bed in the leaves and were soon asleep, as we were very sleepy and tired. Jan. 26 we awoke, and to our surprise found that about an inch of snow had fallen while we were asleep. We were covered over with a blanket, face and all, and therefore the snow did not interfere with our sleep. As usual we looked about for the purpose of ascertaining in regard to our safety. Finding ourselves fairly well hid, we prepared for breakfast, which did not require a large amount of labor. We could not make very elaborate toilets, as we had no water, and did not think it safe to venture far away in search of it in the daytime. On opening our cupboard, or as I should say, haversacks, we found quite a large supply of the provisions which had been furnished us by the old colored man a day or so previous, and for which we were extremely thankful.

Our breakfast was soon prepared and eaten, and then came a lonesome day for us. We dare not move

about for fear of being seen, and therefore were obliged to sit on the wet ground and shiver with cold until near night, when we began to look about us in order to procure information in regard to the surrounding country. We heard some one chopping in the woods a short distance from us, and we concluded to crawl near enough to him to ascertain whether he was white or black. We found him to be a slave, and very friendly toward us, and he gave us some information in regard to the surrounding country. After talking with him for some time, we returned to our hiding place. During the day the snow had melted. After eating our suppers we prepared to move on. It was now after sunset and we started out, encountering the usual obstacles on the way. We traveled on for an hour or two and then came in sight of a number of lights twinkling in the darkness, and only a short distance ahead of us. This we afterward learned was a small town named Henry. We immediately changed our course to the right, flanked the town, and passed it without being discovered. We soon struck a road leading in the direction we wanted to go, and followed it for some distance, when we found it quite narrow, and fenced with an old fashioned worm rail fence about eight or ten rails high.

While walking along in this lane for a short distance

we heard a gunshot, perhaps forty or fifty rods from us. We stopped and listened, and a few seconds later we heard a horse galloping toward us apparently as fast as it could come, and in a second all was excitement with us. Something had to be done immediately or there would be trouble. Herrick said, "Let us get inside the fence as quickly as possible." We scrambled over the fence, and dropped down on the ground as flat as a pancake, and in a second a horse with a man upon it galloped past within ten or twelve feet of where we lay. We did not know what it meant, but supposed the gunshot was a signal among the Confederate home guards that we had been seen by some one, who gave the alarm by discharging the gun, and thought he would catch us in this lane by coming upon us so suddenly that we would be unable to escape.

After the horseman had gone past us a short distance he stopped, and we could hear several persons talking, while Herrick and I were shivering with excitement behind the fence, hugging the earth as we never did before. If their object was to capture us here they failed, but if we had remained in the road a few seconds longer our goose would probably have been cooked. We lingered inside of the fence for a short time, and kept very quiet, and again heard some per-

sons talking not very far away. Later in the night, everything being quiet, we crawled out of our hiding place and prepared to move on, but were very cautious and struck out for the woods, groping onward through a strange land, with the usual difficulties. We journeyed on during the balance of the night without anything of an excitable nature transpiring except the barking of dogs, which caused us a little uneasiness at times.

Just a short time before looking up a place in which to hide and sleep, we passed down into and through a small valley and up a steep hill or mountain, on the opposite side on which we found a good place to hide and make our bed and sleep during the morning. We retired and soon were asleep. This was now Jan. 27, and some time during the forenoon we were awakened by hearing some one talking near by. We got up and began an investigation. We found ourselves on the summit of a small mountain, in a good hiding place, and near a small precipice. I crawled near the edge of it and looked down into the valley below and saw a man doing some kind of work with a team. He was only a short distance away but could not very well see us. Herrick and myself sat and watched him for a short time, and having now become quite hungry proceeded to investigate our store of provisions. We

found some of the corn pone and ate our breakfast from it. After completing our meal we found that our commissary stores were getting low or nearly exhausted, and before we could eat another meal we would be obliged to do some foraging. The balance of the day was spent in our hiding place on the mountain.

Shortly before dark we investigated the surroundings, as usual, and prepared to start out on our night's march, but thought we would like some supper first. On reflecting we remembered that our haversacks were about empty. We went without supper for the same reason that Jack did. The problem now was how to procure some more provisions. Herrick not being very well proposed going to a house to get a warm meal, to which I strenuously objected, fearing that we would be discovered by the enemy. We finally started out on our night's trip without any supper, thinking that perhaps we might find some slaves who would supply us with something to eat. This being a mountainous country there were but few colored people to be found, and this fact compelled me finally to consent to Herrick's plan of going to a house to procure a warm meal.

We were now moving along through the woods on a sort of road, and it was about seven or eight

o'clock in the evening. Hunger began to pinch us severely, and we had not gone very far when a light was discovered some distance ahead of us, apparently in a house. We continued to move on toward the light, and when near enough began to investigate the surroundings. We found it to be a one-story log house, located close to the road and nearly surrounded by thick woods. It being well lighted, we could see that it was occupied by white people. We now held a council of war for the purpose of determining how to procure something to eat. Herrick proposed having a warm meal if they could be persuaded to prepare us one, and to this I finally consented. We then approached the house, knocked at the door, and the man of the house came out and our wants were made known to him. He objected at first to our request, saying he feared it would become known to the Confederate authorities that he had fed us and they would deal harshly with him. He finally consented to our request, and his folks prepared a good supper for us. When the meal was ready he called us in and said, "Please get through supper as soon as possible. There is danger of you being seen here by outside parties who might report you to the Confederate authorities, and thereby get us and yourselves also into trouble." We sat down and ate a very hearty meal, thanked

them kindly, and passed out. The host went out with us, and accompanied us on our journey quite a distance, giving us information about the surrounding country. When he left us we again thanked him, and journeyed on in the usual direction, being satisfied that we had met with a Union man because he had treated us so kindly. Of course people were afraid to feed us, because there had been what were called "bogus Yankees" through that part of the country. A "bogus Yankee" was a Confederate, dressed in a Federal uniform, pretending to be an escaping Union prisoner of war, and he would come to these people throughout the country for the purpose of ascertaining whether they would harbor and feed escaping prisoners, and if they were found guilty would have them arrested and confined in prison. We traveled in the road as long as we deemed it safe to do so, and then struck out through the woods, encountering the usual difficulties.

We were very much refreshed by the good meal we had eaten in the evening, and were able to make good progress. Nothing transpired during the night to cause any special excitement only the occasional barking of dogs. Some of them had a peculiar bark, which sounded like those large bloodhounds which were used in the South for the purpose of catching

runaway slaves and escaping prisoners of war, and caused us some uneasiness. We moved on until our usual hour for retiring, and then found a place which was deemed secure, where we made our bed and retired as usual.

We awoke some time during the following day, this being Jan. 28, and wanted to eat our breakfast, but had none, and dare not venture out in search of food in daytime for fear of being taken in. We saw some chestnut trees near by in the woods, and went to them, hoping to find a few nuts among the leaves to appease our hunger to some extent, but our search was in vain. A house was discovered at a distance, out in the open country, but we were afraid to venture to it. We remained the balance of the day in our hiding place, and as early as we thought it safe to do so started on our night's journey. The weather was quite clear and pleasant, but things were not so pleasant with us, as we had been without food during the past twenty-four hours, and had no prospect of procuring any provisions during the evening. Our journey was through a broken country, where the opportunity of procuring food was limited, but we still moved forward, thinking that we might come across some colored people who would supply us. It seemed that luck was against us. We had spent a good part

of the night, walked a long distance, and were getting very weak from hunger, and walking became burdensome for us, especially while passing through such a maze of tangled underbrush.

The night was now nearly spent and we stopped to consider what was best to do and concluded as we were so nearly worn out it was best to select a resting place and make our bed. We found a place in the woods beside a large log, and as we supposed a good hiding place. We prepared our bed and went to sleep as usual, as we were so extremely tired from our long journey. We slept very soundly until about sunrise, when I was awakened by a clattering noise and some one talking. I carefully raised my head high enough to enable me to look over the top of the log, and to my horror saw four Confederate cavalrymen riding past within six or eight rods of us.

I carefully awakened Herrick and told him what I had seen. Then he also peeped over the log and saw the Confederates as they were disappearing. We kept quiet, though much excited over our situation, and remained here for a short time.

We had now fasted for about thirty-six or forty hours, and felt as though we could stand it no longer without food, and would be obliged to procure some in some manner. We crawled out of our hiding place



Sleeping Behind a Log.

and cautiously moved through the woods in search of a house where something to eat might be secured. After walking a short distance we saw an open field to the eastward from us, and also a house near the edge of the woods, which was found to be a two-story dwelling of fair size. It appeared to us to be occupied by white people. Starvation will compel a person to risk almost anything for the purpose of procuring food. We decided to go to the house and ascertain the prospect of getting something, as we could not fast much longer.

CHAPTER XII.

Our Recapture and Return to Prison.

On Jan. 29, 1864, early in the forenoon, we went to the house described in the former chapter. It was a bright, sunshiny morning, and walking around to the east door of the house (which appeared to be the one most used by the family), I knocked and the proprietor opened the door. I made known to him our wants, and he replied, saying "We will give you something to eat," and invited us in. The door opened to my left as I passed in. I looked in that direction, and to my horror saw two Confederate soldiers sitting in that end of the room, one of whom afterward told me that he was a captain, and they had their side arms with them. As soon as we were fairly inside the room they smiled, and one of them said: "Boys, I guess you are our prisoners, as it is our duty to hold you as such."

We failed to return the smile which on our part was not very polite, but under the circumstances I think we were excusable. You can imagine the state of our minds just at that moment. I felt like sinking through

**Recapture.**

the floor into the earth and out of sight, and of course poor Herrick felt likewise. After risking our lives in escaping from the guards, and facing the dangers of passing through an enemy's country until within thirty-five miles of the Union lines, and then to fall into a trap like that, was almost too much to endure. But what could we do? We were obliged to submit, and there was no use arguing the case with them.

After the excitement abated, the women folks prepared breakfast for us. As soon as it was ready we were asked to take seats at the table. Before doing so the host looked at us and said: "Boys, you look poorly," seeming to sympathize with us. He handed us a bottle of peach brandy, saying, "This will be good medicine for you in your weakened condition." We each took a few swallows, and it did seem to stimulate us for the time being. While eating breakfast we had quite a chat with the men folks, and found them to be gentlemen, and they used us as well as we could have been used among our own people. We were kept here until the arrival of some new guards, whom they had sent for. When dinner time came we were invited to take dinner with the family, and strange to say we did not refuse. During the forenoon we men folks went out to the east side of the house, where it was quite comfortable. The host

asked whether we would like to crack some walnuts. I replied in the affirmative (of course we would not refuse anything that could be masticated, and would assist in filling us up), and we sat down on a log together and cracked and ate walnuts. While engaged in this I happened to be sitting beside the host, the guards being a short distance away. We became engaged in conversation in regard to secession, during which he frankly remarked to me that the State of Virginia did not secede by the voice of the people, but was forced out by the intrigue of State officials. I believed him to be a loyal man at heart. He did not tell me so but his actions and conversation proved it.

The new guard arrived about the middle of the afternoon and we were soon on our way toward Rocky Mount, where we were placed behind the bars of a county jail. We had not traveled very far before night overtook us, and we lodged at a farmhouse that night, where they had an immensely large dog which was supposed to be a bloodhound. They cautioned us in regard to it, saying, "Do not venture outside the house after night as you would be in danger of being attacked by the dog." A bed was prepared for us, and we retired soon after supper. The guard also slept in the house. Herrick and myself talked over the possibilities of making our escape from that place,

but finally concluded that it would be futile to attempt it on account of our weakened condition, the danger of being attacked by the large dog and the house being secured and locked.

We rested quite well until morning, Jan. 30. We were given breakfast and the guard was soon ready to conduct us on our way to Rocky Mount, arriving there during the day. On our journey toward that place we stopped at a farmhouse for the purpose of procuring a drink of water. The man of the house came out, being a man of perhaps sixty years of age, and on learning who we were appeared to be terribly enraged. He called us all sorts of new names not to be found in a dictionary, and I well remember one thing he said: "You killed my son and you ought to be killed." He had a son in the Confederate army who had been killed in battle, and seemed to blame us for it. The guard looked at us and smiled, as much as to say, "The old fool, let him talk." He appeared as though he would like to give us a good dressing down, as he shook his fist at us repeatedly, but I was not alarmed; we had seen things more dangerous than a man's fist. We arrived at the jail Jan. 30, and were placed in a room in company with two deserters from the rebel army. Apparently we were the only inmates of the jail except an insane man, who was confined in

another room. As the saying is, we were now "behind the iron bars."

I had now been a tramp, begging for something to eat, and also a prisoner behind the bars of a county jail. This would have been disgraceful if I had been myself to blame, but under the circumstances I did not feel guilty. We were confined in this jail four days and nights, and our treatment here was at least fifty per cent better than in the military prison pens, and we therefore voted unanimously in favor of remaining here, but were counted out.

February 4, in company with the two deserters, we were conducted to the railroad station some distance away, and were put on board the cars (cars having seats), and permitted to sit down during the journey. We were soon on our way, as they told us, toward the prisons in Richmond. This news had a very depressing effect upon us. The train moved on in a northeasterly direction, arriving at Lynchburg, Va., in the evening, nothing of importance transpiring on the way. We were placed in the guardhouse, where the night and the following day were spent. While here we discovered that the place was infested with some of our former prison companions, the graybacks, and as a consequence, during the night our clothing became inhabited with the insects, which was to us quite a

torment, as we had been clear of them since entering the convalescent camp at Danville. We were fed on very scant rations at this place, on account of coming under the prison discipline again.

We remained here until the evening of Feb. 5, and shortly after dark were called out under a strong guard, when we met a small number of other prisoners bound for the same place that we were. A line of guards surrounded us, and as we started for the train the captain of the guards yelled out: "Guards, shoot the first man who offers to run." This expression, of course, was uttered to intimidate us prisoners. We boarded the train and were soon en route for the city of Richmond, riding all night and until some time during the day of Feb. 6, when we arrived in the city, and were soon transferred to a prison called the Pemberton Building. This was a large, four-story brick building. In it we found confined a large number of Federal prisoners. The Pemberton Building was located on the opposite side of the street from Libby Prison, and about one hundred feet farther to the southeast. The street between Libby and the Pemberton Building extended southeast and northwest. From the windows of our prison we had a good view of Libby and its surroundings. I remained in this prison six days. While there, on the night of

Feb. 9, over one hundred of the officers confined in Libby made their escape through a long tunnel, which had previously been made by them.

This extended from the cellar under Libby, through under a street at the east end of the building; its exit being under a one-story wooden shed, on a vacant lot just across the street from our prison. The prisoners came out of the tunnel under this shed, and made their escape under cover of the darkness of the night. The following morning I saw quite a number of Confederate officers and guards walking about in the vicinity of Libby apparently more or less excited. We could look from our windows and see what was going on about the streets. The news of the escape of the Federal officers soon reached our prison, which caused no little excitement among us. The Confederates still continued their search about Libby, but did not seem to discover the whereabouts of the tunnel until late in the afternoon, when I saw them digging a hole at the east end of the prison. I supposed they were in search of the tunnel. Nearly one-half of those who escaped through the tunnel were recaptured and brought back to prison the following day. I saw a number of them as they marched back into Libby. Poor fellows, they seemed to be downcast, and I could sympathize with them, having just been through

a similar experience. We remained in the Pemberton Building until Feb. 13, when we were transferred to the prison pen on Belle Island.



Snodgrass House, on Snodgrass Hill, Chickamauga Battlefield.

CHAPTER XIII.

My Second Entrance into Belle Island Prison Pen, Feb. 13, 1864.

The day that I entered the island the second time, Feb. 13, a Confederate preacher delivered a very long sermon to us, and tried to convert us to the Southern Confederacy cause, but with poor success.

We could not be converted to an institution that tried to freeze us and starve us. He was listened to attentively for a long time when he remarked before closing that he didn't know as he was doing any good talking to us, it was like casting pearls before swine, and he would close his remarks. One of our boys told him that he might have stopped long ago if he had wanted to, as we would have had no objections whatever.

On entering the prison pen on the island, for the second time, my spirits sank to zero, for the prospect before me was certainly a gloomy one. This was a low and barren island, over which the cold February winds swept from up and down the James River, making it very uncomfortable for us, exposed as we were to the elements of the weather. I could now see a

great change in the appearance of the prisoners since my short stay of six days here, in October, 1863, and not for the better, but very much worse. Many were nearly destitute of clothing, and had been so starved and exposed to the severe weather that they were mere skeletons, slowly moving about. Some of them were being fairly eaten alive by graybacks. From lack of proper means of keeping clean, and only the icy river water in which to wash, many were nearly as black as negroes. Some indeed were too weak to keep themselves clean, and too discouraged to care. I was informed that there were about 8,000 of us on the island at this time, and a large number, perhaps several thousand, including Herrick and myself, were without shelter of any kind, although we were more fortunate than some of them. During our stay here we received no fuel for fires. I saw a few sticks of wood, which were being whittled into splinters and small fires made with them, around which hovered the poor, shivering, almost lifeless human forms, sitting upon the frozen ground. This wood being pitch pine, produced very black smoke, which blackened the faces of the poor fellows who tried to warm over the little fires and caused them to appear still more hideous. Those of the prisoners who were without shelter contrived different ways to keep from freezing at night, while

trying to sleep. I slept in a shallow rounding ditch in the ground, in which I lay also in the daytime, when becoming tired of walking about, standing or sitting on the frozen ground. This protected me to some extent from the cold, piercing winds which blew over the island, but it was very uncomfortable during a rainstorm, of which we experienced several during our confinement there. During a rainstorm the sand and ground about me would become saturated with water, and keep my clothing wet for days, and I would become so chilled and numbed that I would be scarcely able to get up. One cold night, while trying to sleep, my toes were frozen so that the skin peeled off sometime after. While we were here in this condition the water in the river froze over nearly the whole of its surface. I saw ice over three inches in thickness.

A day seemed to me as long as a month. Rations were very small, consisting almost entirely of unsifted cornmeal, stirred up with water, and often without salt, as salt was a scarce article with the Confederacy. This was baked in cakes about the size of a brick, only about one and one-half inches thick. One-half a cake of this size was given each man for a day's ration, and nothing else with it, with the exception that two or three times while on the island we received beans or meat. This was generally entirely devoured at once,

leaving nothing for the other two meals, and yet we remained nearly as hungry as before eating. Our drink consisted of icy river water, which did not warm a person very much, thoroughly chilled as we were.

Days and weeks passed slowly on, with nothing to cheer us, but everything to depress our spirits. Cold, hungry, and discouraged with the sight of so much misery all about us, little wonder that some lost their reason. Our main topic of conversation was the comforts of home, and the subject of something to eat, especially as this was most forcibly impressed upon our minds. I well remember receiving as a part of one day's rations some small beans (called here cow beans). Some were red and others black. I placed them in my left hand and counted them, and found that there were just fifteen. These were all the beans that I received while on the island, and as I had no means of cooking them I ate them raw.

At another time I received a piece of boiled beef, about the size of a black walnut, which was all the meat I had to eat while on the island. After a short stay in this place I began to fail rapidly. On arising in the morning I would ache all over, and could scarcely straighten up, and it appeared to me that even the marrow in my bones was chilled. Occasionally I would take a walk down to the water's edge, in order

to start circulation and get a little warmth into my shivering body, in which I generally failed. In order to get to the water we were obliged to pass down through a narrow lane, fenced on each side with a tight high board fence, and plenty of guards on all sides. Through this we passed to procure water, and to wash our hands and faces if we washed at all. We were not supplied with washbasins, and therefore when washing would use the river as a basin, which did not improve the water for drinking purposes, where several thousand men washed within a space of 30 or 40 feet in length. The closet was also located very near where we obtained our drinking water. This was at the lower end of the island where there was no current to carry away the filthy water.

Our clothes could not be washed because the weather was too cold. We were in the same predicament as the man who possessed only one suit and was obliged to go to bed while his garments were being washed. But we were not so fortunate as he because we had no beds to go to and not even what a person would call a suit.

During some of these walks I saw most horrid sights as I walked through the camp. I remember one day of seeing several boys or young men who had become so weakened and emaciated by their treatment

here that they were unable to stand erect while walking but were obliged to bend over like old men of eighty. Their clothing on the outside, under their arms, was white with graybacks and nits, and as I stood looking at the poor boys I wondered what must be the condition on the inside of their garments. But I was helpless as far as giving them relief. They were only a sample of hundreds of similar cases. As I stated in a previous chapter, we who were able would take off our shirts, turn them inside out, and kill (between our only weapons of defense our thumb-nails) all the graybacks we could find. During this operation we would keep our coats (when we possessed any) closely buttoned around our shivering bodies. But many poor fellows had become unable to do even this much toward their own comfort, and there were hundreds and thousands in the same wretched condition. At other times, when passing through the prison, I saw squads of prisoners who were such objects of pity that I am utterly incapable of describing them. The memory of them will remain fresh in my mind as long as I live. Some were mere skeletons, scarcely able to move, barefooted, pants worn off half-way to their knees, shirt or coat sleeves worn off nearly to the elbow, their long matted hair and whiskers which had not been cut for months hanging over their

dirty, emaciated faces. Add to this, in many instances, perhaps sore and frozen feet. They were objects calculated to enkindle pity in the heart of a tyrant. Again, I saw some who were unable to walk, lying on the ground with no better clothing than those I have just described, and no other protection from the bitter cold.

To these death soon came as a welcome relief. Nearly every morning a number of dead were carried out to some burial place. All these scenes did not have an inspiring effect on us. The craving for meat had become so intense that one day as Lieut. Boisseux, commander of the guards, came strolling through the prison pen with his pet dog following him, the dog was enticed into a tent by some of the prisoners. They caught him, cut his throat, dressed him and prepared the meat for cooking, which was soon done, and he was devoured by the hungry men. I did not see any of this transaction, but learned of it through other prisoners. One day I met one of the prisoners who possessed a small brass kettle. He showed it to me and said, "This is the kettle in which we cooked the dog." I wondered where they could procure fuel enough to cook a dog, as it was a very scarce article on the island. The dog was probably cooked a few days before my arrival on the island.

As the days passed on, the suffering from cold and hunger increased at a rapid rate. I could notice that I was failing and growing weaker every day, and would sometimes almost despair of ever getting out of that place of torment alive, but did not give up the struggle for dear life. One day as I was strolling through the prison, to my great surprise and delight I met two members of my own company, Alonzo Fish and John Stevenson, who were captured and brought to Belle Island during my confinement in the Richmond prisons. Of course we were greatly rejoiced, but sorry to meet under such conditions.

The death rate among the prisoners was becoming more alarming, as it seemed the strongest of them were succumbing to the rigors of the weather and starvation. The time was now near spring and the cold was abating somewhat, but yet the suffering was intense, from different causes. I never have read of such an amount of intense suffering at any place (except at Andersonville, Ga.) as I experienced and saw here in this dreadful place. The only hope I had was that the weather would become more mild, and the suffering in that respect might abate.

It was now about March 10, and they were and had been transferring prisoners from the island to Andersonville, Ga. Every alternate day they called for 600

prisoners, marched them out through the gate and across the bridge near the iron works to the south bank of the river, and generally across the long bridge to the city, where they were loaded into cars and sent south. We could see the trains passing over the long railroad bridge below the island. One day when they called as usual for 600, my chum, William Herrick, who had escaped with me from the Danville prison, went out with them, and the last time that I saw him was when they marched along just outside the dead line, on their way to Andersonville. The poor man ended his life there, as I afterwards learned.

The majority of us who were confined here were men who had seen several years' service in the front of the army, and had often slept on the cold ground in our rain-soaked clothes, but this place was many degrees worse. We were helpless to assist our poor sick and dying comrades, because we could get nothing to help them with. We could not get as much as a few leaves or weeds to place between their emaciated bodies and the cold ground, in their dying hour. The surface of our prison pen was as bare as though it had been swept. Not a leaf, straw or anything of the kind could be found, that might be used in making some sort of a bed.

Being starved down, by receiving less than one meal

per day, and that of poor quality, with not a spark of fire by which to warm our chilled bodies, scarcely able to straighten up, our garments on the inside infested with vermin, dirty in the extreme, no change of clothing and with long matted hair; all this made us feel indescribably miserable, and made the place a hell upon earth. Our farmers would build a roof over their hog-pens to shelter their swine from the rain and snow, and give them straw for a bed and enough to eat, but we possessed none of these comforts. If a farmer would treat his stock as we were treated he would not expect them to live many months. One day while standing in the midst of the prison, looking over the mass of thousands of human beings—most of them in a deplorable condition—I saw some of them aimlessly moving about, seemingly not knowing where they were going. Of course we were all in suspense with regard to our future treatment, not knowing how long our misery would continue to increase or how or where it would end.

What a contrast between these men in prison and when they left their homes! There they were patriotic and industrious boys and young men—youths in their first flush of manhood and a life of honor to themselves and usefulness to the community. Boys precious in the affections of home, of fathers, mothers,

sisters, brothers and sweethearts, their minds aglow with high aspirations of a bright future were sent into this hell, to be sacrificed here for their country. Is it any wonder that we dreamed every night of our homes and friends? Scarcely a night passed that I



"HE KNOWS ME, THE CHERUB."

Dream of Home and Wife.

did not dream of being at home and getting something to eat. Then on awakening from such happy dreams what a disappointment it seemed!

Dear reader, think of it, what it cost to save this great government from destruction. Many a patri-

otic young man could have saved his life and health by going out of prison on parole, and working for the Confederate government, as they offered us an opportunity to do. But the boys refused to do this. They told them they would rather rot in prison than work for them. This was genuine patriotism, when death was staring them in the face. They refused to do anything to save their own lives which would in the least reflect upon our flag.

Thus many brave and good boys passed from this life while in these prisons, in a most wretched condition. I am at a loss to decide what words to use, in order to express to the reader in a mild form the sad scenes witnessed in some of our comrades' dying hours, in the prisons, during the winter of 1863 and 1864. The condition of our sick and helpless comrades I partly described in former pages, and here I will merely describe a scene in my unvarnished language, which will probably cover hundreds of cases. One day while I was walking through a crowded part of the prison pen I saw a fellow-prisoner—apparently a young man—lying on the ground. He appeared to me as if he were in a helpless condition. His face was pale where it was not black from prison filth, hair long and matted, clothing thin and torn, arms bare nearly to the elbows, and other parts of the body ex-

posed, caused by worn-out clothing. He looked more like a skeleton than a living man. He was lying upon the bare ground, which was perhaps slightly frozen. As I stated before, the prison pen was entirely destitute of anything which could be placed between his poor, chilled body and the ground. We were all helpless, as far as making him comfortable. This boy was undoubtedly of the class mentioned in former lines, honest, patriotic, and loved by his home relatives and friends. He was now in a destitute and dying condition, with no mother, father, sister or brother to comfort him, to soothe his fevered brow, and to whom he could communicate his last dying words. In some instances similar to this case the last feeble words of the dying man to a comrade would be: "Tell my folks that I died for my country"; and in a feeble voice give the last good-bye.

Who was responsible for the intense sufferings and destruction of Union soldiers confined in southern military prisons during the War of the Rebellion from 1861 to 1865? is a question sometimes asked. I am not able to answer that question fully, but can give only my opinion in some respects, and certify to what I saw and know in regard to it. I believe that a large majority of the people of the South would not have permitted the cruel treatment of our soldiers in their

prisons, if they could have prevented it, but they were powerless. The men in authority in the Confederacy were many of them responsible for our cruel treatment.

Of course the South was nearly destitute of some things for which we suffered during our confinement in their prisons. But they possessed plenty of fresh air, fuel (in coal and wood), good clean water, and material with which we could have built shelters for ourselves. If they would have supplied us with the above mentioned four articles, our sufferings would not have been one-half as great as they were.

Some people censured the United States government for leaving us in prison so long a time, claiming that the government would not consent to an exchange of prisoners, because the Confederates in our prisons in the North, if exchanged, would have been able to enter their army as soon as exchanged. But our men from southern prisons would not, on account of being disabled for service. I know we were disabled nearly all of us for a lifetime.

Our faithful endurance in southern prisons was a very large factor in bringing the war to a successful close, but it was a barbarous and cruel manner to use soldiers. If it is true that the United States government would not exchange, it does not excuse the men

in authority in the Confederacy, who were responsible for the most of our sufferings while we were confined in southern military prisons.

The truth of our cruel treatment was corroborated by many southern people at the time of our confinement in their prisons, and they petitioned the Confederate authorities, praying for the betterment of our treatment. But the Confederate authorities turned a deaf ear, and would do nothing to relieve our sufferings.

It was now near the middle of the month of March. The weather was beginning to grow mild. The frost seemingly was nearly all out of the ground, and there were small patches of green grass springing up outside the dead-line. One day while going down to the river after a drink I espied a small patch of green grass outside the line. I stood and looked at it, and longed to have some of it to eat, as my appetite seemed to crave some vegetable or something green.

The transfer of prisoners from the island to Andersonville still continued. Every alternate day they called for 600, who were taken to the city, put on board the cars, and shipped south. By this time the crowd on the island had been considerably reduced. On Saturday, March 12, the usual call was made for 600. Sunday morning, March 13, broke over us with

a bright and beautiful sky. Soon after sunrise the officers in command of the prison called for 400 men, to go out and over to the city of Richmond. As this was a different number from their previous calls, and made on an odd day (as the former calls were made every alternate day), this caused me to believe that they were going to a different place than Andersonville. I was standing by a comrade of my company, Alonzo Fish, and we were looking out over the dead-line toward the cookhouse, which was located just a few rods from the dead-line. We saw some of our boys who were doing the baking of the corn-bread, and who had blankets, were rolling them up and seemed to be preparing to leave. I said to Fish, "Let us try and go out with this squad, I believe they are going to our lines, as the indications appear that way to me." The gate soon opened, and the commander of the prison stood beside it and counted the men as they passed through. Fish and myself were soon ready, as all we had to do was take our places in line, and we marched out with the 400. As soon as the count was finished the gate was closed, and we were now really outside the prison pen, but yet under guard. As a consequence we were considerably excited over the prospect before us. We marched to the bridge leading from the island to the south bank

of the James, and across it, and then down to the big bridge spanning the river and leading to the city.

We were soon across the river, and marched down the street past old Libby Prison and into a large brick building. All this time I felt a little nervous on account of the uncertainty of our destination, as I thought our lives depended on whether we were exchanged or sent to some other prison.

We were now inside the large building, discussing the prospects before us. Some time during the day some Confederates came in with paper, ink and pen, and told us we were going to be paroled, and asked us to sign our names on a large sheet of paper, telling us that it was a parole. This caused an intense anxiety among our men. We all signed it without any urging, and you may believe there was a great change in our spirits. Oh, what a happy hour was that, to think that we would once more see the glorious Stars and Stripes.

“The hollow eyes grew bright,
And the poor heart almost gay,
As we thought of seeing home
And friends once more.”

But yet it was almost too good to believe, as we had on several occasions been told by the Confederates that we would be paroled and sent to our lines, but

were merely transferred from one prison to another, and sadly disappointed. Thus far we had signed a parole but were yet uncertain as to our fate.

We spent the night of March 13 in the building mentioned, and I well remember that many of us were so elated that we slept but little during the night, but spent the time in talking about what we would do when reaching our lines, and if we finally got home. The morning of March 14 came at last. There was no change in the news about going to our homes. During the day we heard that there was a Confederate steamer coming up the river, to take us to a place where the United States flag of truce boat would meet us. From the windows of our prison we could see down to the boat-landing on the river, the distance being fifteen or twenty rods. We could see that the boat had not yet arrived, but were anxiously watching all day for its arrival. About the middle of the afternoon the little steamer hove in sight, and soon made a landing at the wharf, and you can imagine the excitement ran high.

We immediately marched out and down to the landing, and were soon on board the boat. In a short time it pulled out and steamed down the river in a southeasterly direction. We were yet uneasy as to our destination. The boat steamed slowly down the James,

and somehow news was received that we were destined for a place called City Point, where we would meet a United States steamship to receive us, but were yet unbelievers, like doubting Thomas. We said, "Until Old Glory is seen floating above our heads we will not believe."

As we floated down the river nothing of great interest was seen as we passed along. Our conversation was mostly on the subject of our exchange. Night was coming on, many of us were lying on the upper deck of the steamer, and after dark I think the majority of us fell asleep, at least I did. Some time during the night the boat reached City Point, and ran in beside the United States steamship. I was asleep at the time, and of course was not aware that the boat had stopped, and was in the presence of the United States boat. I awoke during the latter part of the night and discovered that the boat was lying quiet. I investigated the surroundings, and saw something beside our boat. On close examination I found it to be a steamship, with tall masts reaching to quite a height above the boat. Everything was quiet, no one seemed to be moving, and it being yet dark I lay down and went to sleep. Ere long daylight began to appear, and as soon as we could see plainly enough to distinguish the old flag, it seemed nearly all the prisoners

awoke like magic, and all that could began cheering for "Old Glory," which was floating from the head of the United States ship; and, dear reader, you can imagine what the sight of the old flag brought forth. Continuous cheering came from all those who were able, but some, alas, were not, having been carried on board the boat by their comrades, and these could express their intense love for the Stars and Stripes only by extending their naked bony arms in its direction, and many were so overjoyed that they shed tears.

One of our number died on the way down the river. I never had been so elated in my life before as now, by the knowledge that we were released from a death sentence. We found ourselves under the protection of the old flag at last, and it appeared to me better, ten times more beautiful, with brighter colors and stars than it had ever appeared before, and I was overcome by an inspiring sensation which made me feel like singing the good old song: "Oh, wrap the flag around me boys."

I suppose many of the boys felt as I did and wanted to sing, but did not have vitality enough to sing a song. We were then believers, because we saw "Old Glory" floating above us.

Our release from prison may well be compared to



In God's Country at Last.

the release of a person from a death sentence. Many of our number wept like children. The next thing we saw was some Confederates on board the United States ship. I walked up near enough to enter into conversation with one of them, and asked him how they had been treated in the North. He replied, "Very well." I said, "Did you receive enough to eat?" (This thought appeared to be uppermost in our minds.) He said they did, and I was satisfied from their appearance that they had received good usage while they were held as prisoners of war in Uncle Sam's hands. They appeared healthy, and some of them had received new clothing during their imprisonment, and as far as I could see were well clothed. But yet they had undoubtedly suffered great hardships, as that is a consequence in military prison life, which is torture at its best. Some of the Confederates who were confined in northern prisons complained of hardships, and I have no doubt but that it was hard to endure, but it was no comparison to our sufferings in southern prisons.

CHAPTER XIV.

Under the Protection of "Old Glory" Once More.

During the forenoon we were transferred from the Confederate steamer to Uncle Sam's boat, and the Confederates were taken to the Confederate steamer. Now, as the boys termed it, we were once more in "God's country." Soon after our arrival on board the boat coffee was prepared for us. It was made in a large barrel, by steam. Oh, but that sweet odor from the coffee was delicious. It testified that we had passed from a land of starvation to a land of plenty. We had not smelled coffee for about six months until now, and were receiving our first meal from Uncle Sam since our exchange. It consisted of a tin-cup of good coffee, a slice of bread about as large as my hand, a slice of boiled pork about the size of one finger, a piece of onion, and two apples. We had fasted so long that in our debilitated condition the consequence would have been serious if we had been given a full meal. We were now safely on board of Uncle Sam's ship, and were soon to move out of the harbor.

Late in the afternoon the boat started in the direc-

tion of Fortress Monroe. On the way down we passed a monitor. I was informed by one of the boat crew that it was the one that had defeated the Merrimac. We also passed a very large man-of-war which looked like a great fort, and I thought it was until informed differently. When we arrived near Fortress Monroe the boat halted for a short time, and then passed near the Fortress and out into Chesapeake Bay, and started on our journey toward Annapolis, Md.

Darkness soon came on, and also a tremendous gale began blowing from the northeast, which made things lively on the boat. In a short time it began to rock violently, and for some time the storm seemed to increase in fury. This made the ship rock to and fro so that we were unable to stand up. About four hundred of us paroled prisoners were lying on the floor of the ship. I made several attempts to stand up but could not, and then decided to remain down and keep quiet, but also failed in that. Then many buckets were placed on the floor in different parts of the boat. I was curious to learn why that was done, but had not long to wait until I learned more about it than I had any desire to know. The reader can guess the rest.

The night wore on slowly, the storm beating against the boat and tossing it first one way and then the other, and it seemed to move in a half dozen directions at

once, which made things interesting. At one time the boat tipped to one side so much that I thought it would not straighten up again. The captain of the boat called for the deck hands, and they were soon at their posts of duty, and began turning a windlass which was attached to the side of the boat, to which was fastened one end of a large rope and the other end to a small iron car, which stood on a track extending crosswise of the boat. By this means they drew the heavy car to the high side, by winding the rope around the windlass. They also rolled barrels of sand from the lower to the high side. By these the ship was balanced again, and saved from overturning. Occasionally a wave would strike the side of the boat, causing a very loud report, and making the ship fairly tremble. At one time during the night I thought to myself, perhaps now we will be shipwrecked and drowned, after passing through all our hardships and troubles, when within a few hours' ride of our destination.

But, thank the Lord, we landed at Annapolis the following day. The storm ceased some time during the morning, and we soon came in sight of the place of landing. They were now beginning to get us ready to be transferred from the boat to the shore, at Annapolis, Md., where we arrived March 16, 1864. All those who

were able to do so got up and walked out on shore. After landing I stepped to one side of our group, and turning toward it I beheld the most sorrowful picture of human beings that I had ever seen, except when on the island. Those scenes seem to be permanently stamped upon my memory.

I again joined the group or crowd, as there were almost too many of us to be called a group. We were certainly awful-looking objects of humanity. We had not been barbered for six months, and some of the group for eight or ten months. Our faces were dirty and disfigured with prison grime, shaggy whiskers, shrunken cheeks and lips, long, matted hair on our heads, stooped shoulders, and long, bony hands and fingers, which made us appear like a lot of apes and monkeys. I am certain if Mr. Barnum, the noted showman, had caught sight of us, Uncle Sam would have been minus a few so-called soldiers, because we would undoubtedly have been corralled for his shows. The buzzard that feeds on carrion would have blushed and been offended, if we had been offered to him for food.

But many of us thanked Providence for our miraculous deliverance from almost certain death. From the best information that I could procure during recent years, I learned that our squad of 400 was the last one

that was paroled during the spring and summer of 1864, and therefore if we had not been permitted to go out with these 400 the majority of us would now be numbered with the dead at the prison pen. I heard of a number of ex-prisoners returning to their homes so changed in appearance that their own parents were unable to recognize them. We were asked to get in line and march over to a large building, which was new and apparently constructed for the purpose for which it was used. It was divided into three large compartments.

In the first room we passed into they clipped our hair and whiskers closely. We were then ordered to strip off every rag from our bodies. If I remember rightly they handled our filthy, lousy garments with pitchforks, after taking them off, and I considered it an insult to the forks. We were then told to pass on into another very large room, in which were twenty or thirty bathtubs, containing plenty of warm water. Then each received a piece of soap and a towel, and was told to take a good bath, which we did and greatly enjoyed. Those who were not able to do so were bathed by assistants.

After being purified in this manner we were shown into a third large room, and given a new outfit of clothing, consisting of shirt, drawers, pants, socks,

shoes, coat, hat and blanket. Imagine the change in our appearance, and also in our feelings. I did not weigh very heavy when we landed, but I imagined that I weighed several pounds less after taking my bath. Some of the boys intimated that Uncle Sam could sell fertilizer after we had all finished bathing.

After being dressed in our new suits we were transferred over to the new barracks, which were found to be very nice and clean. The day was now about gone, and a supper was prepared for us. After eating we retired to our bunks, and I am utterly unable to describe how well my rest was enjoyed that night. Oh, such a sweet rest as it was; knowing that we were once more clean, and that our clothing was not infested with graybacks who would dance about on our bodies and torment us during the night. To think that we were no longer under control of a cruel prison-keeper, and that those hideous prison days were a thing of the past was a blessed relief. Our transfer from the prison pens to the new and clean barracks, may well be compared to a release from the infernal regions, and a transfer to the land of everlasting bliss.

But yet we were reminded of our comrades left in prison, who were yet suffering and did not know how much longer they would remain there. We tarried in Annapolis about ten days. While there we were well

cared for by Uncle Sam. There was such a contrast between this treatment and our treatment in prison that I kept thinking that it was too good to continue. Some of the boys remarked as follows: "How long is this thing going to last?" We had been tormented during such a long time that we could not make ourselves believe that we would henceforward have enough to eat, and that we were in a land of plenty. And it really seemed to us a strange thing to have humane treatment.

March 26 we received orders to go to St. Louis, Mo. We went by steamer from Annapolis to Baltimore. All the western boys were there transferred to the cars on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad and left Baltimore March 27, 1864, passing through Harper's Ferry, the scene of John Brown's insurrection. On this road we were taken as far as Cincinnati, Ohio, where we rested one day, and on March 30 were transferred to the cars of the Ohio and Mississippi railroad on which we were taken to St. Louis, Mo., arriving there on March 31. Nothing of any consequence transpired on the way, except that I was sick during the latter part of the journey. When our train crossed the Illinois Central railroad in southern Illinois, it was nighttime and the train halted for some time. It was not very dark, and I was able to look out and see

some of the Illinois prairies, which made me feel homesick. I felt as though I wanted to get on the Illinois Central and go north to my home at Mendota, a distance of several hundred miles. But according to army regulations I was not allowed to go. I never received a furlough during my service of three years and four months. Our train rolled on toward St. Louis, arriving there, as stated before. We got off and were soon in our temporary home, the convalescent camp at Benton Barracks.

I among many others was placed under the doctor's care for the treatment of scurvy and general disability. Our lodging place was in the barracks, and we reported to the doctor every morning. At times I felt quite sick and was under treatment several months. At the end of this time I had gained considerable strength, and was much better but not entirely well.

In the latter part of May we were transferred from here to Memphis, Tenn. We went by boat, steamed out from the landing, and started down the Mississippi. A short time after leaving the landing quite an exciting incident occurred. There were several hundred of us ex-prisoners of war on board. We had taken our places in a comfortable part of the boat. The lower part of it, where the boilers were located, was partly occupied by fat cattle en route for the army. A captain

with a number of guards had charge of us, and was to conduct us to Memphis. The captain came to us and said, "Boys, you must go down to the next floor." We refused to go, as we were more comfortable on the upper floor, and told him that we would like to remain above; that we had been dogged about long enough. He insisted on our going down, seemed to be of the aristocratic style, and finally drew his sabre and attempted to strike one of our number who stood at the stairway leading below, at the same time ordering him to go down, which he refused to do. He being a tall, active fellow, struck the captain with his fist, and sent him sprawling on the floor, his sabre flying out of his hand. He got up and called to his guards to come and assist him, which they did not do, as there were only five or six of them, and seeing fire in our eyes they concluded it was best not to interfere. The captain was very angry, and went to the captain of the boat and ordered him to land us on the Missouri side of the river. We disembarked and waited quite a long time, and finally another boat came along and took us on board, and we were soon again on our way down the river.

If it had been necessary for us to go down to the lower part of the boat we would have gone. But there was plenty of room on the second floor, where we

could be comfortable, and we knew that; therefore we did not propose to be imposed upon by an aristocratic captain. Nothing of interest transpired during the remainder of the trip, and we landed at Memphis, Tenn., the following day, where the crowd was divided, some going to their company and regiment, and others again to some convalescent camp. I was transferred to a convalescent camp situated on a bluff of the Mississippi, not far from it. When I entered the place the weather was very hot, and the wind blowing almost a gale, which filled the air with dust and fine dry sand, covering the bunks and everything about us with it. This made it very unpleasant. I did not feel very well at this time, and the effects of the unpleasant surroundings did not improve my feelings any. Learning of the whereabouts of my company and regiment, the 7th Illinois Cavalry, I decided to make my way to it if possible. No one was allowed to leave this camp without a pass from the one in charge. It was enclosed by a tight board fence. After being confined here several days, I concluded that as long as I remained here my health would not improve, so I issued orders to the effect that Eby might return to his company and regiment, and made preparations to leave the place immediately. They would not give me a pass, but I looked about, and finally made my escape

by a means which did not conform with military rules.

After being outside of the camp I immediately started in search of my regiment, which I learned was encamped only a few miles distant from the city. I made inquiries occasionally as I moved along in regard to the location of the regiment, which assisted me in finding it. I accomplished my task on the same day of starting out. I did not think it proper to remain in convalescent camp at Uncle Sam's expense, when I could just as well be with the regiment and do a little service and get well.

CHAPTER XV.

My Return to My Company and Regiment on May
25, 1864.

I found the boys of my company, and a happy meeting it was. They surrounded me and treated me royally, asking many questions in regard to my capture and prison life. Oh, how glad I was to get back among them once more! But alas! some of the number were missing, never to return. Some had died, others been killed in battle since I had last been with them. Our camp was located in a pleasant grove of tall trees, with a well of good water near by. Our captain thought I was not yet well enough to do duty, and therefore did not issue any firearms to me.

A few days later part of the company was sent out to reconnoiter, and I concluded to go with them for recreation, and thought it would be of more benefit to me than medicine. I procured a sabre and carbine from one of the boys who was not able to go with us. We went out quite a distance from camp, to see what we could ascertain in regard to the enemy, but failed to find any. We stopped at a farmhouse where we

bought some milk and a few biscuits, which tasted delicious.

We returned to camp without any special excitement, and I felt quite refreshed. It was now the early part of July, 1864, and time passed away as usual, with the ordinary guard and picket duties, and occasionally going outside the lines on scouting expeditions. My health still continued to improve slowly. Nothing special occurred to create any great excitement until Aug. 21, 1864, when in the morning, about three o'clock, we heard firing on the picket line, which was more than ordinary skirmishing. The firing awoke some of us immediately, and in about a minute all was alive and bustle in our camp. The regimental bugle sounded "boots and saddles," which meant get your boots on and saddle your horses. And then another call came to mount and fall in, which meant get in line, ready to march, and we proceeded to do this as quickly as possible. Before we were able to form in line we heard the enemy galloping toward the city on the main road, within thirty or forty rods of our camp. As it was not yet daylight we were unable to see them. They proved to be quite a large force of Gen. Forrest's cavalry. They came to the picket line, fired a few volleys, and broke right through with their main column, and fired into a regiment of infantry

which was camped a short distance inside the picket line, killing several of their number. As there were not many troops camped inside the city, the Confederate cavalry had almost a clear road to the center of the city. Their object was to capture the General in command, rob the postoffice, and any other mischief they could do. They nearly accomplished their object. The General in command of our troops here had his headquarters in a house, and the Confederates came to the front door so suddenly that he had only time to get out of bed, grab his clothes, and escape through a back door.

Some of the enemy got upon the steps of the postoffice, but were driven away by a squad of infantry who fired on them from across the street. While this was going on in the city, twenty-five of Co. C, I being of that number, were detailed to move out toward the picket line to ascertain what was there, and whether or not there was any considerable force of Confederates. Before reaching the place where the picket line was usually located, we discovered a long line of cavalry standing quietly, and at first were unable to tell whether they were friend or foe, on account of its not being quite light enough. We moved up within a short distance of them, and found them to be Confederate cavalry, which had been left there as a reserve, as we

learned later. They did not fire upon us, as they no doubt supposed that we were some of their own men returning from the city. We immediately faced about and moved toward the city and our camp, and soon found ourselves in a bad predicament, with a long line of the enemy in front and another in our rear. As I stated before it was scarcely light enough to distinguish objects at a long distance, and we were within four or five rods of the enemy's line, which was just returning from the city, before the discovery was made that we were enemies to each other. Then firing commenced and we immediately saw our dangerous position, being threatened in front and rear with a force of the enemy more than ten times our number, and we knew what our fate would be if we remained there a moment longer—that we would be made prisoners. Our only means of escape were some small spaces open on the flanks. We struck out for these, every man as fast as horse power could take him. In this little skirmish our force of twenty-five was nearly annihilated; one being killed, several made prisoners, some slightly wounded, and a number injured by their horses falling into washouts, which were plentiful in this section. The balance were scattered in different directions in order to make their escape. I escaped without injury, receiving only bullet-holes through my

right trousers leg, but they did not cause me any pain. Two of the horses belonging to our party became unmanageable. The rider of one, William Orris, was carried through between two Confederates, who had their guns in position to shoot when they saw him approaching them. They both fired, just as he was within a few feet of them, and both missed him, but one fired so close to his head that his hair was singed. He was carried safely through the lines to our forces. The other one, Elmer Hunt, was carried by his horse through the Confederate forces, and also arrived in our lines in safety. The balance of our number that were left got through, some one way and some another. When the Confederates saw that we were determined to get away they started to follow us, and as I was riding up a hill along a fence I heard them coming toward me, shooting and yelling, "Halt, halt, you Yank!" but Yank wouldn't halt worth a cent. I had other business just over the fence in a cottonfield. It seemed to me that I never was in such a big hurry to go somewhere in my life, as I was when riding up that hill, and I did not heed the Johnnies' advice, who were trying so hard to persuade me to stop. As the saying is, a person could have played checkers on my coat tail if I had possessed one, but I had on a cavalry jacket. I was riding an extremely tall horse of several colors,

an Arabian, spotted something like a giraffe. He was owned by Uncle Sam, and when riding up that hill he appeared to be about seventy-five hands high, especially when I fell off at the cottonfield. I must have presented a comical spectacle when going up that hill. I don't wonder that the Confederates followed me so industriously.

When I reached the cottonfield my horse made a short turn at a fence corner, and the saddle girth being quite loose allowed the saddle to turn and I found myself on the ground, in a second, badly scared. As the saying is, "I might as well have been shot as to have been scared to death." I was determined that they should not again make me a prisoner. So I jumped up, and as quickly as possible ran through under the fence into the cottonfield, and up between two rows of cotton, which were about four feet in height and quite bushy, and by stooping down I was enabled to keep out of sight. After running some distance I lay down in the row and remained there, awaiting results. The enemy did not follow me into the cottonfield, but after remaining there perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes I heard horsemen coming up through the field, and in a few moments a large number of the Confederate cavalry rode past me, in the second or third row from where I was lying and expected every moment that

they would call me to get up, and I would be their prisoner. But they passed by without discovering me. If they had but stopped and listened, they might have heard my heart beat, but they would undoubtedly have mistaken it for a bass drum. All sorts of visions of the horrid prison pens passed through my mind in these few moments. Soon after the Confederates passed out of my hearing I quietly arose to see what could be discovered. The enemy had now all disappeared, and I looked around and saw one of my squad, Giles Hodge, who was in a similar predicament as myself, and had just risen out of the cotton about twenty-five or thirty feet from me. We looked at each other and exchanged congratulations on our good fortune in escaping capture by the enemy.

It was at once discovered that the Confederates had all passed out of our immediate vicinity and that our troops were preparing to follow. Hodge and myself then walked back to camp, where we found our horses, to our surprise and joy. Comrade Hodge is now living in Lee Center, Ill., and Comrade Orris in Triumph, Ill. Comrade Hunt I believe lives in Davenport, Iowa.

During the morning engagement, James Coss, of Co. C, who remained with the main portion of the 7th, chased and captured a Confederate lieutenant. During the chase Jim's hat fell to the ground, which he could

not pick up, as he was obliged to keep his eyes upon his prisoner, and therefore escorted his captive nearly two miles, to the General's headquarters, bareheaded. The General congratulated Jim and presented him with a hat.

After procuring our horses, we readjusted the saddles, mounted, and also went in pursuit of Gen. Forrest's forces. After catching up with our company and regiment the boys began laughing at us, on account of our peculiar way of making our escape. While Hodge and I were lying in the cottonfield the ground appeared to be as attractive as a magnet, and we were about as flat as a hardtack. And about the time that the Confederate cavalry was passing by us I imagined that the old Confederate prisons were almost in sight. It did seem as though I thought of a thousand things in one moment of time. I was almost certain that if I was captured then and taken back to prison it would end my days, as I was yet in rather a poor condition of health from the effects of my former imprisonment.

We followed the Confederates some time, when we met Gen. Forrest with several of his command carrying a flag of truce, and of course, according to the rules of war, we were obliged to halt until the party

returned to its command. I never learned the object of the truce party, but I had a good view of Gen. Forrest on this occasion, and well remember his form. He was a large man, and wore a broad-brimmed hat, but I did not see his face. After their return we again resumed the pursuit, and continued until late in the day, and then returned to camp. Everything remained quiet about the camp until I think some time in August, or the early part of September, when we received orders to move our camp a short distance east of Memphis to a place called White Station, located on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad.

While camped there I had a slight experience with bushwhackers, while on outpost picket duty. On a bright moonlight night in September, as I was sitting on my horse in the shade of a large forest tree, in the woods and close to the road, keeping watch of things in front, my attention was suddenly attracted by something glistening in the moonlight, a short distance beyond a patch of underbrush and apparently very near the road. I kept my eye peeled, as the saying is, and soon saw some object quietly and slowly moving about in the vicinity where the glistening object had been seen. I immediately held a consultation with myself and very soon rendered a decision,

as follows: I decided that if what I saw was a person or a number of persons with good intent, who wanted to come into camp, they would come along the road without hesitation or trying to keep so quiet, nor would they be prowling about in the brush so near the picket post. And I further decided that what I saw was one or more bushwhackers, trying to discover the man on outpost and shoot him, as they did sometimes when opportunity afforded. But they did not see me because I was hid behind and in the shade of a large tree. I finally fired at what I supposed to be bushwhackers, and the report of my gun brought the men composing the reserve picket out to ascertain the trouble. They rode outside the picket line some distance, but could find no bushwhackers, but found fresh tracks of three men in the dusty road in the vicinity of where the moving object had been seen. In a short time all was quiet again and I resumed my watch.

We remained at White Station until some time in October, when a number of us whose three years' service had expired were sent to Springfield to receive our discharge, which we received Oct. 15, 1864, and were now free citizens, and immediately returned to our homes. I had now served Uncle Sam three

years and four months. The war was fast drawing to a close. When I arrived at home the majority of my boy companions were yet in the army, many of them never to return, having been killed in battle or died in hospital or prison.

CHAPTER XVI.

Reminiscences of George W. Westgate.

In the fall of 1862, while camped at Nashville, Tenn., Company C went out on a scouting expedition, with Lieut. Shaw in command. John Houston, Giles Hodge, Frank Fuller, and George W. Westgate were advance guard. They were traveling on a piked road, covered with a gray dust, and their uniforms became covered with it. So much so, that on approaching two Confederates, who were on outpost picket, they allowed our boys to ride very near to them, thinking they were their own men; and the two Confederates were made prisoners, and were left with the company.

The boys again advanced, across to another pike which led back toward Nashville. They saw ten Confederates in front of them, pursued them and captured one, and left him in charge of Houston. They followed the other nine men until they were cornered in a pasture, surrounded by a high board fence. Hodge was left at the gate, while Fuller and Westgate with excited horses, uncontrollable, advanced into the pasture in close proximity to the Confederates, who were busily engaged in tearing down the fence, in

order to make their escape. Westgate was unable to stop or guide his horse, which was carrying him in the direction of the enemy. To save himself from becoming a prisoner or being killed, he jumped from his horse, throwing all his weight on the left rein, which caused the horse to whirl half way around. Just at that moment one of the enemy fired at Westgate, two buckshot striking him in the hip. His horse ran to the gate, where Hodge caught it. In the meantime Fuller opened fire with his carbine. It seems that the buckshot riled Westgate's temper; because, after his horse left him he retreated backwards, loading and firing his carbine as fast as possible at the enemy, until they got the fence down and escaped. What undoubtedly saved the boys from capture was that the Confederates momentarily expected Westgate, Fuller, and Hodge to be reinforced by the company.

When camped near Memphis, Tenn., in 1864, a portion of our regiment went out on a scouting expedition and was out all night. In the morning, Albert Scudder, Rube Lewis, Daniel Towner, and George W. Westgate, received permission to take a little scout of their own to get a square meal. They were only partly successful. Each got a ham and decided to go back to camp. As they were riding on a pike across some bottom land, at the edge of which was a large

bridge between them and camp, Scudder and Lewis being about ten rods in advance of Westgate and Towner, without warning eight or ten Confederates rose up out of the brush with their guns pointed at Scudder and Lewis, and within a few yards of them, demanding their surrender, to which they reluctantly assented. Westgate and Towner immediately realized their critical situation and started for the bridge; but when nearing the Confeds, and seeing almost certain death staring them in the face, they wheeled so quickly that they imagined they could hear their horses' tails snap like a whip, and retreated with such tremendous speed, that they were almost unable to distinguish objects along the wayside. They were obliged to retreat through a country infested with bushwhackers, encountering several squads of them before reaching camp. They finally reached camp, themselves and horses thoroughly exhausted, and I believe that the report came that the boys through all their narrow escapes, clung to the hams which they had purchased, until they arrived safely in camp. It was also reported that they intimated their willingness to avoid looking after square meals in the enemy's country for some time to come. Scudder and Lewis were taken to the prison pen, poor fellows. Scudder returned from prison with health ruined, did

not enjoy a day's good health afterward, and died in the winter of 1905. Lewis returned with broken health also.

At the Battle of Stone River.

On the morning of Dec. 31, 1862, Lieut. Simmons, of Gen. Palmer's staff, and George W. Westgate, of Company C, were sent on an errand by the General, and when they returned and reported, the enemy's sharpshooters opened on them, and Westgate was shot through the right arm, which laid him up during several months. He was ordered to the hospital. Soon after this Lieut. Simmons was wounded by a piece of shell, breaking several of his ribs. A few days later Simmons and Westgate received permission to go to their homes in Illinois. They started down the Cumberland River on a steamer, and after passing some distance down stream, the boat was captured by the Confederate General Wheeler's cavalry. Simmons and Westgate, with others, were ordered by the Confederates to leave the boat and it was destroyed by fire. The wounded, including Simmons and Westgate, were then transferred to another boat loaded with wounded on their way north. Westgate remained at home until his wound healed, then returned to his company, which was escort for Gen. Palmer. Westgate afterward participated with us in the battle of Chickamauga, and other engagements.

CHAPTER XVII.

The following is a letter written by the Ohio boy who occupied a small tent with William Herrick, and the author of this narrative, in the convalescent camp at Danville Prison:

Columbus, Ohio, August 26, 1864.

My Friend Eby:—

I was very glad to receive a letter from you, for I had come to the conclusion that you must be in rebellion yet, as I could hear nothing from you, but here it is at last. As I know how *liberty* feels by this time, I can heartily congratulate you upon your relief from rebel tyranny.

Since you request me to give a history of my escape, I am obliged to use a foolscap sheet, and after it is full the half is not told. I was sick for two or three weeks after you left; recovering very slowly, and was quite weak when I attempted to execute your plan of informal exchange. I started in company with another Ohio boy, with whom I became acquainted while convalescent together, from Danville smallpox hospital, on the night of the 15th of February, for the Yankee lines. We received five days' rations from the steward, and consequently had plenty to eat without calling on rebels, until we had got quite out of reach of

Danville guards. We traveled southward, toward Newburn, N. C., thinking that route more unguarded than the course you took. We passed within five miles of Raleigh; flanked Goldsboro and Kingston, and succeeded in getting down within six miles of our lines at Newburn, when we were captured by rebel cavalry pickets while trying to get something to eat at a darky hut.

We doubtless would have got through, if we had not unfortunately gone inside a terrible swamp, to get outside of which we were compelled to beat a retreat. We were in the swamp two days and one night, and came near starving. We afterward learned that it was ten miles wide, by twenty long, and was a rendezvous for wild beasts. We were treated very kindly by the guards, but unmercifully by the officers. We were sent to Wilmington, N. C., where we were ensconced in an old speculator's slave dungeon two days, and were then sent to Salisbury, N. C., and thrown into a prison where were about a thousand men, consisting of rebel conscripts who would not fight, Yankee hostages, and Union citizens who had been taken by Lee in Maryland and Pennsylvania. While at Salisbury I became acquainted with two young men, belonging to the Potomac army, who had also endeavored to make their escape, but were re-

captured after a tedious march of 150 miles somewhere in the region of the Blue Ridge Mountains. We hitched teams at once, and commenced digging tunnels, but all to no purpose—for after digging three tunnels from eight to twenty rods in length, we were obliged to abandon the idea of ever getting out in that way, as they began to make daily searches for tunnels.

We had been at Salisbury about two months when they notified the regular prisoners of war that they must be ready for transportation to Georgia at any moment. We immediately provided ourselves with a caseknife, filed teeth in the back of it, and prepared to make our escape while en route for Georgia. We were put on the train about 6 o'clock, the 27th of May, in box or freight cars as usual, with four guards in each car. The car we were in luckily had windows, or holes for them, near the ends, and so saved us the trouble of sawing out. We jumped out of the window in quick succession as soon as it was cleverly dark, not far from Charlotte, without either of us receiving any serious injury. The cars were running at the rate of about twenty miles an hour—in fact that was about the only time we could jump without being seen by the guards. I jumped last, and the cars were running on a grade of twelve or fifteen feet in height

which caused me to make several revolutions before I came to solid earth. I soon gathered up my loose property, comprising blanket, haversack, and walking stick, but the other two boys were on hand—and after a jolly laugh over the whole affair, and a consultation as to the route to take, we set out for the land of the living again—resolved to fight to the bitter end, rather than be captured again. We traveled by starlight altogether, and slept by sunlight. We usually called at a house between dark and bedtime for something to eat. We succeeded very well in imposing upon the credulity of secesh, and passed for rebel prisoners who had been in the Yankee lines so long that they had given us clothes to cover our nudity. We stole some, begged some, and traded everything away for eatables, and finally came into our lines at Strawberry Plains, Tenn., after traveling in eighteen days over 320 miles.

I tell you, Henry, it was an eventful era to us, replete with amusing incidents, hairbreadth escapes, and dangerous expedients. I should like to see you and give you a verbal relation of some funny things. We were all very much worn out when we came into our lines—but we found a home and thanked Providence for his goodness.

The boys were from the State of Michigan and one of them found his brother in the 10th Michigan Cav-

alry, then at that place. We of course stopped to visit with him. The other, and myself, reported at Knoxville, and were sent to Chattanooga, where I received a furlough from Gen. Thomas and came home, he getting transportation for Detroit City. I have had a good time at home since I got able to enjoy myself. After my furlough expired I reported at this hospital, where I am on duty in the dispensary. I do not know whether I shall go to the regiment or not, probably not. My health is good, and I am fat. This is not rebel treatment—Oh, Henry, I am obliged to you for those eatables you left me. I think I should not have recovered so soon without them. You have the thanks of our whole family. If you should hear from Dr. Davis, please let me know, and give me his address, and give him my regards. I had a gay time with the girls, as you may suppose. (Aside) I came very near being eat up. I have just read a memorial from the prisoners, to the President, setting forth their sufferings. They are analogous to those we endured at Richmond, etc. Please favor me with another letter, and oblige,

Yours respectfully,

Calvin W. Hudson, Co. D, 65th Ohio.

Address Seminary Hospital, Ward 4, Columbus, Ohio.

H. H. Eby, Esq.



Illinois Monument on Orchard Knob.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The author, having set forth in the preceding pages of this narrative, by many incidents of the war, some of the cruelties which war imposes upon people of a nation involved in it, will now proceed to narrate some of the consequences of war, which he has seen and experienced. It is hoped that the suggestions in the following pages may be seeds from which will spring good and lasting results in regard to the mode of adjusting disputes between nations and people, and thereby prevent cruel and destructive wars.

War is cruel at its best, and a calamity to any nation engaged in it. It is as General Sherman termed it, "Hell."

War should be avoided whenever it can be by honorable means, but when good and noble principles, peaceful and honest people, are assailed and are in jeopardy, there being no hope of adjusting trouble by peaceable means, then the aggressor should be crushed as speedily as possible by the employment of all proper methods and enginery that can be secured. All the noble principles that "Old Glory" represents should be sustained at all hazards. Every citizen should ral-

ly in some manner for the purpose of defending those principles.

War is often a destroyer of beautiful and prosperous countries. It takes from their homes men of robust constitutions, ruins their health, and many are maimed for life; also many die and never return.

War takes men from their business, and many from their families, who are often neglected and suffer on account of not having the necessities of life. It demoralizes the finances of a government, which in turn destroys industries and business in general. Many million dollars of war debts accumulate, which is often a very heavy burden upon a people and requires many years to extinguish it. It has been estimated that less than one-third of the amount expended by the United States Government for the purpose of crushing the great rebellion from 1861 to 1865 would have been sufficient to pay for the macadamizing of all the public country roads in the United States. The statement of the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States of the amount of money expended for all purposes necessarily growing out of the War of the Rebellion, from 1861 to 1865, brought down to Jan. 1, 1880, amounts to the enormous sum of \$6,189,929,908, an amount almost beyond belief; but yet it should not be discredited, as it was computed

from a copy of an itemized statement of the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States. In addition to the \$6,189,929,908, about \$3,000,000,000, paid to soldiers as pensions from 1880 to 1909, brings the entire cost of the war up to the immense sum of \$9,189,929,908.

The following figures give the number of lives lost in the Union armies of the United States during the war from 1861 to 1865:

Killed in battle,	67,058
Died of wounds,	43,012
Died of disease,	199,105
Died in prisons,	30,156
Total,	339,331

War is expensive, and should be avoided whenever it can be without relinquishing noble principles. The country traversed by large armies, both friend and foe, in time of war, is a great sufferer on account of the destruction of property, not maliciously, but as a natural consequence of war. When an army has been defeated by another it will retreat and destroy everything in its rear that would be of any use to the enemy pursuing it. Roads and railroads are destroyed for the purpose of delaying the pursuing enemy. Stock, provisions and anything needed to supply an army are generally appropriated for its use, if regular sup-

plies can not be furnished by transportation. Fences are used for fuel by the soldiers when on the march and at the close of a day's journey ordered to go into camp by the roadside. Fuel must be secured from some quarter, and generally fences are the only supply, and as a consequence large tracts of country are laid waste.

Citizens of a country where war is in progress are generally in a perilous situation as can be learned by the following pages. A country frequented by opposing armies is generally infested by scouting parties from both armies, who are continually passing over the country, and frequently meet unexpectedly in close proximity to a dwelling in which people reside, and firing begins, which occasionally results in the passing of a stray rifle ball or cannon shot through the house. Of such incidents the author of this narrative was an eyewitness on several occasions.

Enough has been said in former pages of this narrative, in regard to the cruelties of war and their consequences, so that people who are willing to inform themselves on this subject, and are not prejudiced, may readily comprehend the enormous blessings that would be bestowed upon humanity if nations would come to an agreement, abolish war from the earth, and establish a new era of affairs. The question now

confronting us is how can war be abolished by the nations of the earth, and this new era be brought about? Like other great reforms a beginning would be necessary on a sound basis, and perhaps also on a small basis, which would probably grow and become a large international arbitration court, by which many cruel and destructive wars could be prevented. We suggest for a beginning of an international organization, that Uncle Sam issue a call to each civilized nation and urge each to furnish and send two representatives, including two from the United States, to some point where they would convene and organize a temporary international court, in addition to that already formed, for the purpose of organizing a permanent international arbitration court, which would be endowed with power to adjust and settle difficulties between nations represented by such court. The international arbitration court mentioned would of course be only in its infancy for some time after its organization, as it would require much time and labor to complete and make it capable for its task, after which great good could be accomplished by it by way of arbitration, and enlightening people of the different nations in regard to the ballot box, its importance in many ways, its sacredness, and the important duty of every person to honestly abide by its decisions.

The ballot box should be considered to be the ark of our national covenant and safety. It is certainly the ark of safety when its decisions are obeyed, and they always should be. The great War of the Rebellion from 1861 to 1865 was caused by the disobedience of a portion of the people of the United States to the decision of the ballot box in 1860, which elected Mr. Lincoln to the presidency of the United States. Some decisions by ballot may not agree with our views, but nevertheless we should obey them, as it is an evident fact that it is dangerous to disobey them.

Many people will undoubtedly hoot at the idea of abolishing war from the nations. They will argue that there always have been wars between nations and of course there always will be. But arguments do not prove that war cannot be abolished. Difficulties between nations have been satisfactorily adjusted in recent years, by arbitration and the giving of good advice, which proves beyond doubt that disputes can be settled without war. Perhaps a settlement of difficulties between nations by arbitration would not be entirely satisfactory in every case, but it would be a great blessing to humanity in general, and more satisfactory than a settlement by war. Considerable time would be required in arbitrating diffi-

cult cases, but on that account much good could result, as during the period of delay the anger of the disputants would undoubtedly abate, and with the addition of good advice from the arbitration court, pointing out the errors of the disputants, a satisfactory settlement would probably be the consequence. We imagine that some people will call the foregoing foolish and silly talk. It may appear to some people as such. Perhaps the pessimist will say that there is no use in trying to reform the people of the nations, because everything is growing worse, and he has no faith in progress. We have great faith in the work of reforming the nations of the earth in regard to warfare. Some people may say that nations cannot succeed without war, but we say they could prosper much better without it. We have faith in reformation, we being to some extent optimistic, believing in progress and advancing toward better things. We have confidence in the work of trying to abolish wars from the nations, which has already begun, and will as we think succeed, because people are rapidly becoming educated to new ideas, and in many lands becoming more Christianized by missionary work. Men and women in their moral characters are the real world powers. A few years ago Turkey, a powerful nation, declared war against Greece, a nation much inferior in strength,

had entered Greece with a powerful army, and was ready to crush the little army of Grecians, when just in the nick of time several nations combined, forming a substitute for an arbitration court, and requested Turkey to stop. The request was obeyed, and the beautiful little country of Greece was rescued, the difficulty adjusted, and peace again smiled upon the once combatants. In this instance, with only several governments combined to interfere, a nation was saved from ruin.

Other instances could be cited where in the past very great good has been accomplished by arbitration. It is sincerely hoped that the good work will progress rapidly.

CHAPTER XIX.

A Chapter to the Boys and Girls.

To the boys and girls, especially to the boys, and probably it would not be injurious to men and women of all ages if read by them. Millions of girls and boys are wanted, and needed, possessing the following mentioned good qualities: Honesty, industry, frugality, temperate habits, and everything that assists in up-building a good and noble character.

Character is like an inward and spiritual grace, of which reputation is or should be the outward and visible sign. Millions of boys and girls are needed to become noble men and women, for the purpose of perpetuating the noble principles represented by the United States flag—the flag that was sustained in by-gone years by the sacrifice of several hundred thousand lives, and the expenditure of an immense treasure; and the flag that cheered us and gave us new life when we saw its friendly folds waving over us on our return from southern military prisons. If there are any of our boys and girls or others who do not possess the good qualities spoken of in former

lines, they would be much benefited by acquiring them, which would be the means of forming good and substantial characters, worth more than gold. By the possession of a good and noble character you can be happy, and enjoy life, and you will be needed and wanted to fill offices of many kinds, from President of the United States down to school director.

Boys, each one of you has an opportunity of becoming President of the United States or filling any office from that of President down to the lowest. Dear boys and girls, work hard for the attainment of the highest character, as millions of such are wanted and needed, and they will always be in great demand to fill good positions. Millions are also needed as good citizens of the United States. If all our citizens were of the first class our country would be a very pleasant place in which to live. Some of you may say or think that you cannot cultivate your habits in order to build a good character, that you do not know how. If you will try and persist, you can succeed. Study the Bible intelligently, and it will enlighten you on the subject. Leave off bad habits and practice good ones, and then you will soon enjoy success. There will always be a good demand for your services. You will be wanted as ministers of the Gospel,

school teachers and other officials by the hundred thousand.

Uncle Sam also needs thousands of young men of the good qualities spoken of for the mail service, and other occupations too numerous to mention. None need apply unless they are of the best habits.

Last, but not least, millions of boys and girls of unblemished characters are needed to become noble men and women, as good citizens of the United States. A nation's destinies are determined ultimately by the ideals of its people. The good and righteous men and women influence our whole people, and the rulers of our government. Men and women of pure and noble character in a community may be compared to beds of beautiful roses in a lawn. People love to congregate about them, and enjoy their sweet and pleasant countenances, that speak for the soul, which like the beauty and fragrance of the rose permeates soul and body.

Dear boys and girls, and all: We have a most cheering consolation in the fact that we are living under the protection of a banner ("Old Glory") which guarantees equal rights to all. The humblest child has an equal opportunity with the one in a high station of society, for education and the attainment of the highest position in our government. It is true

that many of our best government officials, from the President down, were men who attained their official positions by their own hard labor and study, who when boys were poor and in humble station of life, but were honest, industrious, frugal, and were workers for good attainments. Some of them, while attending school, by strenuous efforts, earned enough money by doing odd jobs to complete a moderate education. Boys and girls, be true to yourselves and every person you meet. Be honest, temperate, industrious, and frugal and become noble citizens of our land. Do not waste precious time in idleness while you are young and able to do something, for the time may come when you will not be able to work. What you learn in your childhood days will not depart from you. Do nothing that would be detrimental to your character while you are boys and girls, with the intention of reforming after you have become men and women, because habits that are formed when you are young are hard to reform. Build good characters while you are young, and do not allow them to decay; then good will follow.

Of course these exhortations do not signify that you should not take any time to play. A certain amount of play is necessary, but it should be in moderation. People strive for enjoyment in this life, and some peo-

ple employ a dishonest method which they imagine will bring them enjoyment, but instead brings sorrow. For example: A young man who held a good position in a bank imagined that if he could come in possession of a large amount of money it would give him great enjoyment during his lifetime. He escaped with a large amount of money belonging to the banking house of which he was an employee. He went to a foreign country, and there used a small portion of his dishonest gain, which he did not enjoy, as he subsequently confessed. He was captured and brought back to face his acquaintances, and was sentenced to the penitentiary, which is a very common consequence in such cases. If this young man had obeyed the exhortations of the Scriptures, he could have had enjoyment, but by his one dishonest act he committed a great sin, which ruined his character and enjoyment. He could reform, but the faint marks of his dishonest act would remain.

The work of reformation is child's play to that of making your friends believe that you have reformed. Boys and girls, resent every temptation to commit a disreputable act. If you want to enjoy life fully, take the Bible for your guide, then you can enjoy this life and the life to come. Be kind to the poor and unfortunate, especially those who are mentally not your

equal. The most cowardly and mean act that any one can commit is to impose upon a person who is deficient mentally, who needs our kindness instead of imposition. A person guilty of such a crime should be punished.

Educate yourselves in a way that will make you capable of dealing honestly with your fellow men. "Love thy neighbor as thyself." (Luke 10: 25-37.) Who is my neighbor? some person may ask. Our neighbor includes any one of the human race with whom we may come in contact, without regard to place of residence; whether he or she resides in the vicinity of our home or far from us. Generally speaking of those people who reside near our homes, we speak of them as neighbors because we meet them frequently, and generally treat each other like the Good Samaritan treated the man who fell among thieves, which makes us neighborly. How can I love my neighbor as myself? may be asked. The answer is, by having the love of God in your heart. When you have that you will be in a mood to treat your neighbors as you wish them to treat you, and will love to see them prosper as well as you desire to prosper yourself, and will cultivate your disposition in a way that will cause you to have a desire or inclination to assist those who are in distress, and jeopardize

your own life for the sake of saving your neighbor's. For example: You see a fellow man standing upon the railroad track near you, and a fast approaching train is about to strike him, you would at the risk of your life try to pull him off the track and save his life. A person doing the foregoing mentioned good deeds in the right spirit, is obeying the command, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." And you will also be in a mood to pay your debts; a duty that is sadly neglected by some people. Romans 13: 8: "Owe no man anything."



Large Section of National Cemetery.

CHAPTER XX.

Birth of "OLD GLORY."

"OLD GLORY," the stars and stripes, was born on the 14th of June, 1777, on which day Congress patriotically resolved: "That the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." It has never been known to what influence we were indebted for the selection of the stars and stripes in our flag. Some have thought that the stripes were of Dutch origin, for they occur in Dutch armorial bearings, while others suspect that they were introduced as a compliment to Washington, on whose coat-of-arms both the stripes and stars appear; but there is no tangible evidence that either supposition is correct.

The Father of his Country, nevertheless, had much to do with designing the first stars and stripes. It was he, assisted by a committee appointed by Congress, who directed the preparation of the first design. They called upon Mrs. Elizabeth Ross, in Philadelphia, some time between May 23 and June 7, 1777,

with the request that she should prepare the flag. Her house, 239 Arch Street, is, we believe, still standing at this writing. Washington had a rough draft, in which the stars were six-pointed. Mrs. Ross proved that five-pointed ones would look better, and her suggestion was adopted. She had the flag finished by the next day, and it was received with great admiration wherever displayed. She was manufacturer of flags for the government for many years, her children afterwards succeeding to the business.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Consequences of Secession.

Henry Clay, Senate Chamber, 1842.

Mr. President: I must take occasion here to say that in my opinion, there is no right on the part of any one or more of the States to secede from the Union. War and dissolution of the Union are identical and inevitable, in my opinion. There can be a dissolution of the Union only by consent or by war. Consent no one can anticipate, from any existing state of things, is likely to be given, and war is the only alternative by which a dissolution could be accomplished. If consent were given—if it were possible that we were to be separated by one great line—in less than sixty days after such consent was given war would break out between the slaveholding and non-slaveholding portions of this Union—between the two independent parts into which it would be erected in virtue of the act of separation. In less than sixty days, I believe, our slaves from Kentucky, flocking over in numbers to the other side of the river, would be pursued by their owners. Our hot and ardent spirits

would be restrained by no sense of the right which appertains to the independence of the other side of the river, should that be in the line of separation. They would pursue their slaves into the adjacent free States; they would be repelled, and the consequence would be that, in less than sixty days, war would be blazing in every part of this now peaceful and happy land.

And, sir, how are you going to separate the States of this Confederacy? In my humble opinion, Mr. President, we should begin with at least three separate Confederacies. There would be a Confederacy of the North, a Confederacy of the Valley of the Mississippi. My life upon it, that the vast population which has already concentrated and will concentrate on the head waters and the tributaries of the Mississippi will never give their consent that the mouth of the river shall be held subject to the power of any foreign state or community whatever. Such, I believe, would be the consequence of a dissolution of the Union, immediately ensuing; but other Confederacies would spring up from time to time as dissatisfaction and discontent were disseminated throughout the country—the Confederacy of the Lakes, perhaps the Confederacy of New England, or of the Middle States. Ah, sir, the veil which covers these sad and disastrous

events that lie beyond it is too thick to be penetrated or lifted by any mortal eye or hand.

Mr. President, I am directly opposed to any purpose of secession or separation. I am for staying within the Union, and defying any portion of this Confederacy to expel me or drive me out of the Union. I am for staying within the Union and fighting for my rights, if necessary, with the sword, within the bounds and under the safeguard of the Union. I am for vindicating those rights, not by being driven out of the Union harshly and unceremoniously by any portion of this Confederacy. Here I am within it, and here I mean to stand and die, as far as my individual wishes or purposes can go—within it to protect my property and defend myself, defying all the power on earth to expel me or drive me from the situation in which I am placed. And would there not be more safety in fighting within the Union than out of it? Suppose your rights to be violated, suppose wrong to be done to you, aggressions to be perpetrated upon you, can you not better vindicate them—if you have occasion to resort to the last necessity, the sword, for a restoration of those rights—within, and with the sympathies of a large portion of the population of the Union, than by being without the Union, when a large portion of the population have sympathies adverse to your own?

You can vindicate your rights within the Union better than if expelled from the Union, and driven from it without ceremony and without authority.

Sir, I have said that I thought there was no right on the part of one or more States to secede from the Union. I think so. The Constitution of the United States was made, not merely for the generation that then existed, but for posterity—unlimited, undefined, endless, perpetual posterity. And every State that then came into the Union, and every State that has since come into the Union, came into it binding itself by indissoluble bonds, to remain within the Union itself, and to remain within it by its posterity, forever. Like another of the sacred connections in private life, it is a marriage which no human authority can dissolve or divorce the parties from. And if I may be allowed to refer to some examples in private life, let me say to the North and to the South, what husband and wife say to each other: We have mutual faults; neither of us is perfect; nothing in the form of humanity is perfect; let us, then, be kind to each other—f forbearing, forgiving each other's faults—and above all, let us live in peace and happiness together.

Mr. President, I have said, what I solemnly believe, that dissolution of the Union and war are identical and inevitable; that they are convertible terms;

and such a war as would be following a dissolution of the Union! Sir, we may search the pages of history, and none so ferocious, so bloody, so implacable, so exterminating—not even the wars of Greece, including those of the Commoners of England and the revolutions of France—none, none of them all would rage with such violence, or be characterized with such bloodshed and enormities as would the war which must succeed, if that event ever happens, the dissolution of the Union. And what would be its termination? Standing armies and navies to an extent stretching the revenue of each portion of the dissevered members, would take place. An exterminating war would follow, not, sir, a war of two or three years' duration, but a war of interminable duration—and exterminating wars would ensue until, after the struggles and exhaustion of both parties, some Philip or Alexander, some Cæsar or Napoleon, would arise and cut the Gordian knot, and solve the problem of the capacity of man for self-government, and crush the liberties of both the severed portions of this common empire. Can you doubt it?

Look at all history—consult her pages, ancient or modern—look at human nature; look at the contest in which you would be engaged in the supposition of war following upon the dissolution of the Union, such as I have suggested; and I ask you if it is possible

for you to doubt that the final disposition of the whole would be some despot treading down the liberties of the people—the final result would be the extinction of this last and glorious light which is leading all mankind, who are gazing upon it, in the hope and anxious expectation that the liberty which prevails here will sooner or later be diffused throughout the whole of the civilized world. Sir, can you lightly contemplate these consequences? Can you yield yourself to the tyranny of passion, amid dangers which I have depicted in colors far too tame of what the result would be if that direful event to which I have referred should ever occur? Sir, I implore you, gentlemen, I adjure them, whether from the South or the North, by all that they hold dear in this world—by all their love of liberty—by all their veneration for their ancestors—by all their love of liberty—by all their regard for posterity—by all their gratitude to Him who has bestowed on them such unnumbered and countless blessings—by all the duties which they owe to mankind—and by all the duties which they owe to themselves, to pause, solemnly to pause at the edge of the precipice, before the fearful and dangerous leap is taken into the yawning abyss below, from which none who ever take it shall return in safety.

Finally, I implore, as the best blessing which Heaven

can bestow upon me upon earth, that if the direful event of the dissolution of this Union is to happen, I shall not survive to behold the sad and heartrending spectacle.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

[The following beautiful composition was found on the battlefield at Charlestown, South Carolina, during the war. It was written by a wounded comrade who never lived to get home, and is quite a literary curiosity.]

Thou to the mercy seat our souls dost gather,
To do our duty unto Thee **Our Father**
To whom all praise, all honor should be given;
For Thou art the great God **Who art in Heaven**
Thou, with wisdom, rul'st the world's whole fame
Forever, therefore, **Hallowed be Thy Name.**
Let nevermore delay divide us from
Thy glorious face, but let **Thy Kingdom Come.**
Let Thy commands opposed be by none,
But Thy good pleasure and **Thy Will be Done,**
And let our promptness to obey be even
The very same **In Earth as 'tis in Heaven.**
Then for our souls, O Lord, we also pray,
Thou would'st be pleased to **Give us this Day**
The food of life wherewith our souls are fed,
Sufficient raiment and **Our Daily Bread.**
With every needful thing do Thou relieve us,
And of Thy mercy, pity **And Forgive Us**
Our misdeeds, for Him whom Thou did'st please
To make an offering for **Our Trespases.**
And, forasmuch, O Lord, as we believe
That Thou wilt pardon us **As we Forgive,**
Let that love teach, wherewith Thou acquaint's us,
To pardon **Those Who Trespass Against Us.**
And, tho' sometimes, Thou find'st we have forgot
This love for Thee, yet help **And Lead us Not.**
Through soul or body's want to desperation,
Nor let earth's gain drive us **Into Temptation.**
Let not the soul of any true believer
Fall in the time of trial, **But Deliver;**
Yea, save them from the malice of the devil,
And both in life and death, keep **Us from Evil.**
Thus pray we, Lord, for that of Thee from whom
This may he had **For Thine is the Kingdom**
This world is of Thy works its wondrous story,
To Thee belongs **The Power and the Glory;**
And all Thy wondrous works have ended never,
But will remain forever and **Forever.**
Thus we, poor creatures, would confess again,
And thus would say eternally **Amen!**

CHAPTER XXII.

Comrades: After reading the foregoing patriotic speech made by Henry Clay in the Senate chamber in 1842, we feel inspired by the thought that the Union is not dissolved, but was restored by the great and glorious things that were accomplished by the Union armies during the war from 1861 to 1865. Soon after our return home from the war some of us began at times to ask ourselves the following question: What has been accomplished by our three or four years of hardships in the army? And sometimes we would almost arrive at the conclusion that our work had been in vain. But as years have passed we were cheered by the brightening of the skies. The war debt was being rapidly paid off, and many of our former enemies were becoming convinced that it was a very great blessing for all the people, North as well as South, that the Union army was successful and the Union restored. A few years ago, while I was in conversation with a gentleman from the South in regard to National affairs, he frankly remarked as follows: "The southern people should thank the Grand Army men for the great and good work which they accomplished by restoring the union of all the States." Within the last

ten or twelve years the author of this narrative has been encouraged in regard to our National affairs, because of the fact that the hard work which we did during the war has been manifested in recent years by good results.

Comrades, we can now see some of the fruits of our labor. Our government is on a sound basis, and is one of the most prosperous on the globe. It is the government which was sustained by the faithful soldiers of the war from 1861 to 1865, guided by the hand of Providence. And it is a government endowed with the best and most humane laws in existence. It is a government that has been and is merciful, and since it has become of sufficient strength has removed the yoke of oppression from the people of some of the islands of the sea, and diffused among them liberty and freedom. It is also a government that is taking the lead in the good work of adjusting troubles between nations by arbitration.

During the war from 1861 to 1865 rulers and people of foreign nations looked upon the probability of our success with suspicion, because they believed and said that a government by the people, or a republican form of government could not survive a great war like the Rebellion. But they were surprised and taught the lesson that a free people fighting for such principles

as "Old Glory" represents, are capable of surviving almost anything. By the success of our faithful soldiers Uncle Sam has been enabled to grow up to a good-sized boy, or we had better say a man, and we think that he is good and kind, understands his business and attends to it.

The good principles which were sustained by many hard fought battles from 1861 to 1865, and are represented by our good old banner, are being diffused not only among the people of our own country but to some extent among the people of almost every nation on the globe.

We sincerely hope that the good work will continue to go forward. But what would be the condition of our country and ourselves if the Southern Confederacy had been successful? The consequence would undoubtedly have been as Henry Clay said in his speech. It would have been the extinction of this last and glorious light, represented by "Old Glory," which is leading all mankind, who are gazing upon it in the hope and anxious expectation that the liberty which prevails here, sooner or later will be diffused throughout the whole of the civilized world. Comrades, we have the consolation of knowing that our work was not in vain. It resulted in the diffusing of more good to mankind than all nations ever before accomplished.

No proposition is better supported by history, than that "righteousness exalteth a nation," "but the wages of sin is death" to a nation.

Dear comrades, many of us were permitted to return from the war to our homes with our lives, but many with broken health, caused by the fatigues of the march, the wearisome camp, the heat of summer, the frosts of winter, and the awful ecstasy of battle. We now love to meet each other at the post meeting, at the campfire, and above all, at our reunions. But while we thus enjoy ourselves to some extent we are thinking of the fallen. With a soldier's generosity we wish they could be here to share in our hard-earned pleasures. Possibly they are here, from many a grave in which we laid them. Many of them died in the darkest hours of the Republic, others in the early dawn of peace while the morning stars were singing together. We should meet at every reunion possible. I trust that we will meet in a reunion where there will be no parting. Farewell. From the author.





